

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



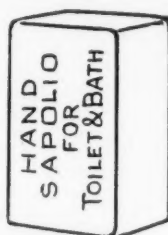
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NOVEMBER 30 1907 VOL XL NO 10




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Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, November 30, 1907



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Volume XL Number 10

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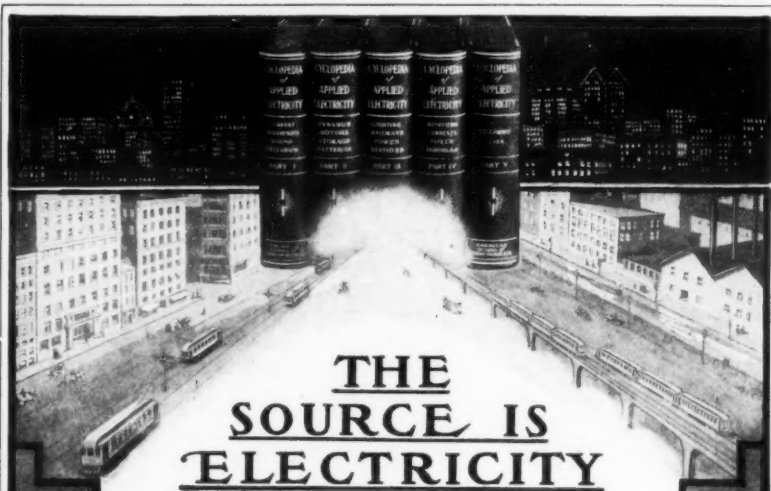
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

New York, Saturday, November 30, 1907



Hashimura Togo Again

It seems to be difficult to convince many of Collier's readers that the author of the "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" has any real existence. Skeptics write letters, appreciative readers ask us to remove the veil, and statesmen beg for the privilege of shaking hands with this student and observer. Of course we have passed all this pressure on to Hashimura Togo, who has briefly and adequately replied: "I send you my picture." In this week's issue, for the benefit of the doubters, we illustrate the "Schoolboy's" letter with the photograph of the author.

That Pacific Cruise

There are many important details concerning the forthcoming cruise of the battleship fleet and the torpedo flotilla that Collier's readers are properly interested in. Next week, in the text of an article by Frederick Palmer and in a double-page display of pictures, accompanied by a map of the route to be taken, a comprehensive review of the big naval enterprise will be furnished. The proposal of the authorities to send sixteen battleships, six torpedo-boat destroyers, and the necessary colliers and repair vessels from Hampton Roads to San Francisco has caused more discussion than any recent act of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. One man (ring the fire-alarm!) thinks the cruise a slap at Japan, and another citizen assures us that it is undertaken merely to give the rear-admirals and captains practise in sailing their ships and the men familiarity with the guns. Without trespassing on these and other theories, Collier's will give pictures and facts that should satisfy all legitimate curiosity. Mr. J. C. Leyendecker's cover design for this issue, "Westward Ho!" will be a contribution of timely interest.

Collier's Fiction

The London "Times" has said a word about Collier's fiction that we set down with a good deal of pleasure:

"In the United States there has lately been a remarkable development of skill in short-story writing. It may be traced to the demand for short stories among the popular magazines and to the great encouragement given to short-story writers by 'Collier's Weekly.' . . . That periodical has discovered several able writers of fiction, most of them previously unknown, including Rowland Thomas, Georgia Wood Pangborn, Eleanor Abbott, Harrison Rhodes, Arthur Stanwood Pier, and Stephen French Whitman. These stories, evidently chosen in a liberal spirit, deal with many phases of American life, with a preference for its more elemental rather than its sophisticated expression. One notes in the stories a freedom from that insistence on optimism, with its unvarying happy endings, whether justified or made impossible by the conditions, which characterizes the policy of many American magazines and makes much of their fiction so ingenuous."

In the issue of December 14, which is planned to be the Christmas Number, the variety and quality of Collier's fiction will be vividly illustrated. The three stories will be by Rudyard Kipling, Sarah Comstock, and Gouverneur Morris. We should like the reader to keep the "Times's" comment in mind as he peruses "A Deal in Cotton," "The Making of Two," and "The Footprint."

From One Who Knows the "Lungers"

Paul Renau Ingles's article, in the issue of November 2, on "Arizona Eciles" has called out this comment from a woman who knows Phoenix:

"I have lived among the 'Lungers,' and can not praise Collier's too highly for printing the article. I hope that every family that has an afflicted one will read or hear of it. The picture is too true."

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A Revolutionizer of Warfare



"La Patrie," the French Government's most successful Airship, about to Ascend

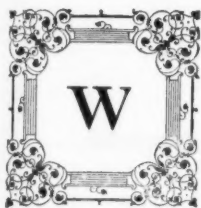
THIS third Lebaudy model of a dirigible gas-bag, which was acquired by the French Government in 1906, has made more successful ascents than any other airship in commission. Built in 1905, it was thoroughly tried out by the brothers Lebaudy before it passed into the possession of the War Ministry. After some alterations in adjustment were made last summer, "La Patrie" made almost daily flights, carrying up on one occasion M. Clémenceau, the Premier, and General Picquart, Minister of War. This airship has become the training craft for French officers of the balloon corps. The firm of Lebaudy has canceled all of its contracts to build dirigibles for other countries than France, and has, it is believed, made arrangements to turn out a number of new, and larger, craft for the use of the French War Department. Following this announcement came the report that Count Zeppelin, who has spent a large private fortune in developing the huge and successful rigid-frame airship that made a seven-hour flight over Lake Constance recently, is now under contract to build airships only for Germany. "La Patrie" has made thirty miles an hour

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street
NEW YORK

November 30, 1907



WE DO NOT OFTEN take the risk of volunteering financial counsel, but the present situation tempts us beyond resistance. Do not speculate; do not buy what you can not afford to keep as an investment; and do not buy anything about which you have no knowledge; but if you have money which you shall not need, and which is unproductive now, put it into the best securities. There are standard stocks, with an uninterrupted dividend-paying record of many years, and if you have an honest and well-informed business man among your intimates, he will help you choose. Through buying now with this prudence, a large profit is near certainty. There is no doubt that values will go back, not to their former height perhaps, but far, far above the level of to-day.

Buy Stocks

Deductions

FROM THE PANIC numerous homilies may justifiably be drawn. Presented herewith behold a few of ours:

1. It would be better for the United States of America if the President were to be elected for a longer time. Thus would be avoided in part the economic loss of frequent campaigns.
2. Probably the best currency system is that of Germany, but political distrust of a central bank, although unreasonable, is likely to be so strong as to defeat all financial arguments for reviving it.
3. The next best step is an elastic currency safeguarded by the associated banks of the whole nation, but we are doubtful about this and associated improvements, understanding that any currency alteration is opposed by J. PIERPONT MORGAN.
4. The action of Mr. HUGHES in appointing an expert committee to report on the situation in his State is in accord with his usual policy of confining his efforts to the duties of his office and carrying out those duties with wisdom and fidelity.
5. It is a good time to buy stocks.

A Secretary's Phrase

MR. CORTELYOU HAS OBSERVED that "we must not be hurried into ill-considered legislation," and that the solution of our problems "will not be a thing of a month or a year." We adopted the gold standard because a panic forced us on. The currency question is older than slavery, older than the tariff, older than the Federal Union, older than independence. The desire for a sound currency was one of the prime forces that created the National Constitution. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of Mr. CORTELYOU's predecessors, created a United States Bank almost as soon as he created the Treasury Department. The present agitation is not a sudden clamor. It comes not from the populace, but from financial experts, who have been moderately well agreed for years upon the broad outlines of desirable reforms. If panic now gives the popular impetus needed to have expert ideas enacted into law, it is hardly the noblest rôle of a Secretary of the Treasury to be afraid of "panic in legislation." Let Mr. CORTELYOU be guided by the almost solid mass of banking opinion, in this country and abroad, rather than by the views of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

P. S.: It is a good time to buy stocks.

Please Read This

MR. CLARENCE DARROW accused us of quoting him unfairly. The notorious Socialist organ, the "Appeal to Reason," in denying likewise that DARROW had made an appeal to the jury so inflammatory that he cut it out of the proofs, said this: "The stenographic copy of CLARENCE DARROW's speech went straight to our printers, hot from his eloquent lips." No proofs, it declared, were sent to him. Nothing was cut. There may be some persons who believe that it was our stenographer who lied, or we ourselves, and not CLARENCE DARROW and the "Appeal to Reason." For the benefit of those persons we now offer, not argument, but documentary proof. Let them buy, for 25 cents, No. 90, "Wayland's Monthly," a pamphlet published at Girard, Kansas. In that publication Mr. DARROW has printed his speech, calmly, with time, with

calculation. In that pamphlet will be found every violent word we ever said he uttered—over a solid page of defense of violence—over a solid page omitted from the "Appeal to Reason."

Who Told the Truth?

WE QUOTE A FEW WORDS from page 44 of this deliberate publication by Mr. DARROW. It reads: "I don't care how many wrongs they have committed—I don't care how many crimes—these weak, rough, rugged, unlettered men, who often know no other power but the brute force of their strong right arm, who find themselves bound and confined and impaired whichever way they turn, and who look up and worship the God of might as the only God that they know; I don't care how often they fail—how many brutalities they are guilty of. I know their cause is just. I know that trouble and strife and contention have been invoked, yet through brutality and bloodshed and crime has come the progress of the human race." Furthermore, those honorable Socialists who desire to measure the truthfulness of some noisy leaders may turn to page 47 of the pamphlet and find another recommendation to violence, cut out in the "Appeal to Reason"; on page 52 an incredibly coarse description, cut out in the "Appeal to Reason"; and, most wonderful and significant of all, on page 61, an argument that JESUS CHRIST was the kind of agitator Mr. DARROW defends. Mr. DARROW has dared to speak thus: "Not one word has been cut out of it, nor any violent utterance omitted; there were no words of violence to cut out—these were found only in the newspaper reports." Our compliments to the "Appeal to Reason" and to Mr. CLARENCE DARROW. The question of veracity between them and us is completely settled now.

What Men and Women Face

ONE WITNESS FOR THE STATE, in the first Steve Adams trial, disappeared before the present trial, saying that his first duty was to his family; that he had received threatening letters; and that the murder of Sheriff BROWN was the final straw. Meantime, the noble Girard Publishing house promises a novel soon which, it elegantly declares, will "ram down the throat of America's Royal Brute," etc. There is much courage being mingled with the universal dread. The bravery of some of the women makes all beholders proud. Almost entirely these men and women of the mountains must work out their heavy task alone. Perchance, at a later day, the heavy menace which hangs over them may spread and spread until the gains in liberty, which under peace are steadily increasing, may all be imperiled by the red flag of violence and hate.

Saloons

WORDS EMITTED by us a few weeks ago on the movement to diminish the saloon and its influence have caused acute observations from the pro-drink newspapers, as an offset to which we hasten to print this eulogy:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"SIR—As the founder of the Anti-Saloon League and now Chairman of the National Executive Committee and State Superintendent in New York, I write to thank you for the fair recognition COLLIER'S has repeatedly given our temperance movement.

"Such references as are made editorially in your issue of November 2, under 'The Spread of Temperance' and 'Falling in Line,' are, in view of the wide and commanding influence of your National Weekly, very helpful indeed, both to the cause and the league.

"Our task is very difficult in 'York State,' and COLLIER'S helping hand is greatly appreciated by the other officers of our league, as well as,

"Yours very truly, HOWARD H. RUSSELL."

The editor of the "Lose Blaetter," on the other hand, buys half a page in the Omaha "Bee," in which to address arguments and eloquence to us and the public jointly and severally, in the course of which he states: "Some saloons are bad; so are some lawyers, even some editors; must all lawyers be exterminated in order to wipe out a few bad ones?" That may be an open question about the lawyers, and of course there are some persons who do not think all saloons are good except a few. The country is certainly giving signs of movement toward the conviction that saloons as they exist in the

United States at least are the source of great and many evils. A usual answer is talk about personal liberty; but the boundaries of freedom are drawn by consequences. Personal liberty does not give to the individual unchecked indulgence in opium or cocaine.

Women and Whisky

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH, even more than women elsewhere, have their hearts in the campaign against whisky. In the election of October 28, in which Jefferson County, Alabama, for instance, went for prohibition, hundreds of women tramped all day through the streets singing hymns and waving banners which bore mottoes such as these: "Bread or Booze?" "Home or Hell?" "Wife or Whisky?" An almost religious fervor raged about the polls. Women knelt in the streets to pray with voters. Essentially these were the same women who used to work fourteen hours a day during the Civil War raveling out lint for the Southern hospitals. And, as we have before observed, this fervor is becoming more and more informed and guided by definite information and sound reasoning. We hear less of the sin of drinking and more of the social and political consequences of the saloon.

Early Christmas Shopping

IN THE EFFORT to save something of the severe strain on woman clerks and the boys engaged in the delivery service, an official of the Associated Charities in New York has sent out some useful rules about Christmas shopping. Plain humanity is worth practising at holiday time:

- "First—Do as much of your holiday shopping as possible before December 1.
- "Second—Finish it before Christmas week.
- "Third—Go to the stores as early in the day as possible.
- "Fourth—Avoid buying during luncheon hours, and thus shortening this rest time for the clerks.
- "Fifth—Carry home whatever parcels you conveniently can.
- "Sixth—Allow a day, at least, for the delivery of parcels."

The very tired girls who wait behind the counters of our big stores are not fond of Christmas time. Its tax on their strength might be mitigated by the men and women who crowd the stores.

The Japs and Ourselves

PERHAPS AMERICANS in general failed to notice a significant passage in HAYASHI'S announcement. The Japanese Government, he says, intends to limit and regulate immigration to the United States "for the good of both countries." Ever since it filled up Hawaii with enough Japanese to take those islands from within upon the declaration of war, Japan has probably made a sincere attempt to turn immigration westward into Korea and Manchuria instead of eastward into the United States. The California Japanese complain that they have trouble in getting their friends and families away from the Empire. "I am going back to Japan," says one. "My wife can not come here. The Government asked if I owned land or had a good lease. Because I couldn't show my lease papers, they wouldn't give her transportation." "They kept my two partners at home, but they let me come because I had some capital," says another. In this matter, Government and people are at loggerheads. The laborer, either at home or in the new colonies of Manchuria and Korea, does nobly if he earns twenty cents a day, working from dawn to dark. In California he begins at \$1.50 a day. It is true that living is higher here, but the margin of savings is greater. Just so American laborers rushed to the Klondike, where, although commodities were ten times dearer than at home, wages, and consequently savings, were ten times greater. If the Japanese Government will make some hard and fast rule holding down immigration to the point where it will only renew the existing Japanese American colonies, and will persuade us that Japan is acting in good faith, we may get along without that exclusion act which would be so galling to Japanese pride.

An Unpopular Service

IS DIFFICULTY IN RECRUITING a larger army wholly a matter of low pay? The army commentators have assumed that it is. Civilian employments pay better in these times of prosperity, they say; the soldier is not contented with his \$15 a month, "found," and clothes. Is this the whole reason? The common laborer makes about \$2 a day, or \$35 a month above the soldier's pay. But common labor is uncertain, subject to lay-offs and idle periods, and the \$35 will hardly do more than buy the average unmarried laborer food, clothing, and sick attendance. Then, most soldiers find ways of increasing their income. Many privates and non-coms testify that they save more money in the army than they ever saved out of it. Further, army life is infinitely more easy, on the whole, than life at common labor. There must be other reasons, and one has only to interview a few time-expired men to learn a more potent one. The aristocratic army organization has been carried over into our democracy. We have no

peasant class; no class of men who admit boldly that they are not "gentlemen." To black the boots and hold the stirrups of certain superior beings, to view their social manœuvres from the other side of a line fence, to address them always in terms of humble self-effacement—that is against American instincts. Only two Powers—England and the United States—maintain themselves by a volunteer army. England, however, is a land of flunkies; lines are drawn as hard and fast in civilian life as in the army; the "low-class" Englishman crosses no Rubicon of self-respect when he enters the army.

Unsolved As Yet

ALL THIS IS NOT SPOKEN in criticism of the army organization. We have found no other system by which the army unit will obey the officer instinctively when the reward of obedience may be death. There have been democratic armies; CROMWELL'S was such, and so, in a sense, was NAPOLEON'S. But they were called forth in times of white-hot national feeling; and they fought in a period when the science of war was still comparatively elemental. Our founders depended upon the sudden creation of such armies to defend us in time of need. But war has grown scientific, ponderous, complex, with the growth of the modern age; a suddenly born volunteer army, full of blazing courage and deep patriotism, is not enough. It would fail through failure in knowledge of the soldier's craft. We must keep something of a standing army that we may have trained craftsmen to put on the first line of defense. And the problem of reconciling an aristocratic army organization with a democratic national feeling grows more perplexing with every call for increased forces.

The Railroad Toll

HERE IS the Interstate Commerce Commission's last report, footing up the casualties for the year. Five thousand killed and 76,286 injured is the record. It represents an increase over last year of 775 killed and 9,577 injured. Says the report:

"The number of passengers killed and injured in collisions and derailments has increased to an alarming extent. In this item the very large total reported in 1905 is now exceeded by 17 per cent."

In only two classes of accidents have the figures decreased—fewer employees were killed and crippled while coupling cars and from striking against overhead obstructions. Continual agitation against the dangerous old hand couplers has had effect; probably the fight for the extension of the block-signal system will in time show in the returns. Undoubtedly the roads are operated recklessly; undoubtedly, too, we wink at this recklessness by applauding greater speed achievements and crying for swifter freight movement on our congested lines. We are terrified at the price we pay when the figures are set before us, but we pay the next time with cheerfulness.

Getting Down to Figures

IN THE EXHILARATING, interesting, and deeply important work of making democracy a successful mode of government, the cities have been the hardest problems. Heretofore there have been sporadic movements of reform, which have dealt mainly with the motives of men in office. A very sound step ahead is that represented by the Bureau of Municipal Research of New York, which has to do not with ethics but with bookkeeping. The purpose of this organization is to bring expert accounting to bear on every department of the city government and thereby show the people exactly where their money goes. As every informed person is aware, budgets as now presented convey an extremely small amount of information. A permanent body capable of obtaining and publishing figures, with the ruthless thoroughness and clarity of modern expert accounting, would be the most effective device yet invented for the proper regulation of city government.

In the Public Service

CONGRATULATIONS ARE DUE to the city of New York upon the employment of BION J. ARNOLD as expert adviser to the Public Utilities Commission with regard to subways. The public generally might be congratulated also, as there is needed a start on the idea that men of the highest qualifications are available for employment on the people's side of public utility questions. As a rule, the public utility corporations and the great financial interests retain in their interest the professional talent of the country. Mr. ARNOLD has been able to command the respect of all interests, including the public. He has been Consulting Engineer for the New York Central in the electrification of its New York City terminals; has acted in a similar capacity for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Erie, the Grand Trunk, and other roads; and, on the other hand, has been the expert engineering adviser for the city of Chicago, the city of Toronto, and the Wisconsin State Railroad Commission. He was first employed by the city of Chicago in 1901 as expert adviser to the Committee on Local Transportation, and prepared and published the most elaborate study of local transportation ever made on behalf of any American city. He made an

exhaustive report, not only covering the surface rail lines, but also the future construction of subways, with detailed plans for the location and construction of a complete system of such subways. During all the negotiations and contests between the city of Chicago and its street railway companies Mr. ARNOLD has been the expert adviser of the city authorities. It was a tribute to his personal character and professional standing when both the city and the companies agreed upon the selection of Mr. ARNOLD as the third member and chairman of the Board of Supervising Engineers, which is given complete charge of the reconstruction of the street railways and supervision over the future extension, maintenance, and operation of the system. The Public Utilities Commission of New York has acted wisely, and we hope the selection of such experts for public service will become a custom everywhere.

The Utes

MR. LEUPP, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has no doubt been assured by many of the reputable members of that Utah tribe that they liked having their reservation reduced by half—by far the better half—and being crowded back to the hills. Surely it is a good thing to turn a hunting Indian into a day-laborer. It shows progress along the road to civilization. Yet those tribal leaders, like Chiefs RED CAP and APPAH, who first emphasized their protest a year ago by leaving the White River Reservation and setting out toward a country where, they vainly hoped, they might continue an agreeable mode of life, are not criminals. Mr. LEUPP rightly insists that pauperizing rations shall be cut off from all Indians at the earliest possible moment. It would be excellent if, in the same way, we could close up all the almshouses in the country and abandon all of our purely charitable work. Meanwhile, we cheerfully pay taxes to support our impoverished aged and crippled and unfortunate; and, considering the history of the Government's relations with the Indians, we are apt to throw our sympathies with Captain JOHNSON's saying that patience and a hundred pounds of flour just now will do more to calm the Utes than a hundred regular soldiers.

The Kuskwagumites

"THEY ARE MONOGAMISTS, and no such thing as vice is known among them. The men are tall and strong, and the women are graceful and good-looking." So reports a returned explorer of an Indian tribe in the far interior of Alaska. Also: "The members of the tribe show a higher mentality and development than any of the known inhabitants of the Far North." Again: "There are only four hundred of them left, and it is to be hoped for their own sake that they die out before the white traders get to them; then they may die clean and happy, as they have lived." It is, unfortunately, a part of the price of white domination that the primitive virtues are first replaced by the vices of civilization, and that Anglo-Saxon moral sturdiness comes late.

Hope

A QUERY IS RAISED by the following announcement:

"Born—To Mr. and Mrs. ISADORE BROWN (née MABEL SHRETSKI), a son, October 19; — Dawson Street, Bronx. Thanks to Dr. DULBERGER."

What we would like to have resolved is the doubt which has been forced upon us by the remark of a reader. "That announcement," asserted the skeptic, "was undoubtedly prepared by Dr. DULBERGER." The case of a fellow townsman, who announced the birth of a son "to Mr. and Mrs. SOLOMON JARETSKY, the well-known bamboo furniture manufacturer of — Canal Street," was basely used to strengthen our misgivings. We should much prefer to believe that in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. ISADORE BROWN the miracle of new life woke something of the joy that demands expression, and that the parental hymn of thanksgiving caught up Dr. DULBERGER's name in the same entirely spontaneous manner that a happy child seizes and dances with a Teddy bear.

Bird and Steak

EVEN EXPENSIVENESS is sometimes a blessing. In the upward soar of price-lists there is one item the rise of which should fill our bosoms with gratulation. The successors of WARD McALLISTER observe with dismay that partridges are quoted at from \$4.50 to \$5.50 per pair, canvasback ducks \$4.75 to \$6.00, woodcock \$2.25 to \$2.75, and that gastronomic Jersey mosquito, the snipe, at \$5.50 per dozen. Whereat every lover of living things, from the featherless biped at one end of the scale to the feathered one at the other, will ejaculate: "Blessed be high prices!" Game under modern conditions and as served on fashionable tables represents the maximum of risk of ptomaine poisoning with the minimum of nourishment. The taste for it is largely fad. Not one-fifth as much of it would be eaten if it were not so expensive. The normal, healthy palate of a child or an unspoiled adult has to undergo a course of careful and often painful education before it will tolerate the flavor of really "high" game. Even with all their

efforts, it is safe to say that two-thirds of the eaters of these raw and bleeding morsels, or post-mortem pulps, would much prefer something else if left entirely unfettered by convention. Even in their freshest and most perfect condition, not one of these game birds or animals will stand the test of every-day use alongside of plain beef, pork, or mutton. The celebrated feat of eating one quail a day for thirty days in succession has never yet been accomplished, and the disgust of the Children of Israel in the Wilderness on a similar diet is typical. Any hunter who has had to live for more than two weeks on simply what he could shoot will tell you how his soul began to long for the flesh-pots of civilized Egypt in the form of beefsteak. Ask any grizzled old foreman of a surveying party or railroad gang or exploring expedition across the plains or in the Rockies thirty years ago, and he will tell you that the men under his control would get sick and tired within three or four weeks of any kind of wild meat that could be brought into camp except buffalo meat. As one of them remarked: "When ye come right down to it, they ain't any on 'em fit for a white man to eat steady. There's on'y one reel meat, en thet's beef!" If only expensive enough, the beefsteak would be regarded as the greatest luxury in the world.

One Consequence

TO THE LOVER of the feathered bipeds this sky-scraping price is cheering also. The rise is due to the perfection of the laws for the protection of game in general and wild birds in particular, and the vigor of their enforcement, with the almost absolute prevention of pot-hunting or killing for the market. What this actually amounts to for the preservation of the most charming inhabitants of our American fields and woods can be estimated in cold, dead avoidupois by the statement that one dealer alone has imported from Europe *forty tons of birds*. May the price soar higher! The only excuses that are acceptable in the twentieth century for the killing of wild birds are the immediate pressure of hunger, or the benefits resulting from the exercise, the outdoor life, the relief from business cares that go with it, or protection to certain crops. Game laws, the education of public sentiment, and the spirit of true sportsmanship, which despises the "game-hog" who kills simply for "the score," are increasing our bird neighbors. The death-rate from this source can be made far less than that resulting normally from scarcity of food and the attacks of other enemies, against both of which man ought to protect them—man, who should be the best friend of the birds, their protector, not their enemy.

Rugby Football

WHEN, IN THE ISSUE of October 26, we quoted JAMES LANAGAN, football coach at Stanford University, as favoring the humane English Rugby game of football, we referred his opinions to the foremost expert, WALTER CAMP. The father of American football has kindly written us a letter which is interesting and valuable, like all of his opinions. Mr. CAMP says:

"NEW HAVEN, October 31, 1907

"DEAR COLLIER'S—In response to your editorial of October 26, I hand you herewith extract from preface of 'Rule Book Australian Football' sent me last year. The conclusions seem so different from those expressed in your editorial that you will undoubtedly be glad to print such a view of men who as English colonists were brought up on the Rugby game.

"Very truly yours, WALTER CAMP."

The extracts follow (the italics we take to be Mr. CAMP's):

"It was in consequence of the prevailing belief as to the *unnecessary risk of Rugby* as played, and the opinion that needless exposure to personal injury did not necessarily tend to increase courage, that certain Victorian enthusiasts in football in the early days were led to consider whether the *unnecessary rougher features* of the game as played under *Rugby* could not be eliminated.

"Far otherwise it is when the hope and pride of the family is football playing, according to the old or *Rugby rules*. There can be no doubt that the heads of many families prevent their boys playing football because of this feature. At an athletic gathering recently held in Sydney, the head master of one of our leading public schools thus graphically described a cartoon he had recently seen in a comic illustrated paper of a *Rugby player* at the end of a match: 'One of his eyes was hanging down on his cheek, his nose was all raw, he had one arm damaged, and one of his legs was in his hand; but notwithstanding all this, he is represented as saying: "Oh, what a time we had!"' This is of course a humorous exaggeration, but certainly depicts the very general belief as to the risks and probable consequences of playing a game of *Rugby*.

"Weight of team can always be purchased, but science in playing can only be acquired by application. Again, another serious objection to the *Rugby scrum* is that during its progress it is practically impossible for the umpire to see all that is going on. The consequence is that many irregularities take place unchecked during the game. *The record of serious accident to limb and even life itself, due to the Rugby scrum, is certainly nothing short of appalling.*"

Mr. LANAGAN and his assistant coaches made the grand tour of Australia and New Zealand during the winter football season. We should particularly like to know whether the picture is accurate, or whether the Australian Rugby rules book is a muck-raker.



The first white men to invade Oklahoma—then Indian Territory—were the cattlemen, whose interests in the country are still extensive



So important is cotton in the southern half of the new State that mills are being erected. Ardmore ships more cotton than any other town in the South

It was not until after the formal opening to white settlement of Oklahoma proper, in 1889, that grazing gave way to agriculture



Cotton market day in southern Oklahoma

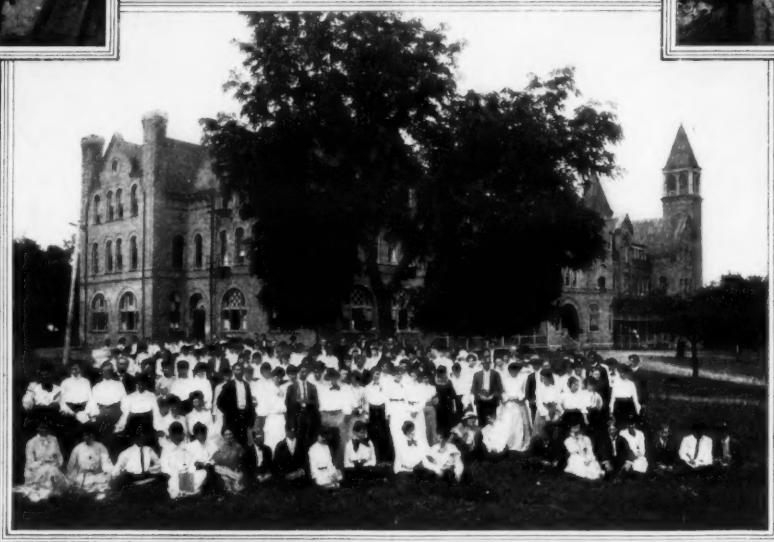


Oklahoma's industries include cotton mills, flour mills, asphaltum and coal mines, and oil production



GOVERNOR C. N. HASKELL

The candidate of the Democrats in the recent election, Mr. Haskell, was elected over his opponent, Frank Frantz, Republican Territorial Governor, by a majority of 30,000



A summer Normal School at Tahlequah, attended by Cherokee teachers



The product of one Oklahoma farm—12,000 bushels of corn—piled on the ground for lack of crib-room



Last year Oklahoma produced over 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, three times as much corn, and more than 670,000 bales of cotton



Oklahoma City in 1907. In a little more than 18 years the new State's metropolis has been built up to a city of 45,000 population, having street cars, modern paving, and substantial commercial houses doing an enormous volume of business



Modern Guthrie. The capital of Oklahoma Territory is the second city in size in Oklahoma. Under the new Constitution, Guthrie becomes the State Capital for ten years; after that the voters will choose

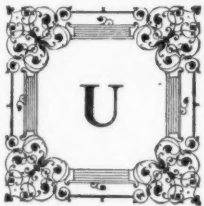
Oklahoma, the Newest State

The New Star



Oklahoma City in 1889—the real beginnings of a State

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES



UNLIKE any of her forty-five sisters, Oklahoma had no pioneer days. She springs into life like Athena, full-grown and full-facultied. She begins without diffidence or apology. She is larger in area than Missouri and more populous than California. Her acreage is greater than that of all New England, and greater than that of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland combined. Her people equal almost half of the population of the entire nation at the close of the Revolution; they outnumber those of twenty-three different States, and exceed the combined population of eight.

Most things in the West amaze the Easterner, but Oklahoma amazes even the Westerner. Not long ago Chicago was the marvel of the world. It boasted, with justifiable pride, of having converted a swamp into a metropolis of a million and a half in less than threescore years. But Oklahoma has done better—she has converted a wilderness into an empire equally great in less than one-third the time. The territory comprising the new State came into the possession of the United States as part of the Louisiana Purchase. Early in the century it was set apart as a national reservation for various Indian tribes which were then being driven west by the persistent advance of the white man.

The first invasion of the white man into the red man's country was made by the cattlemen of Texas and Kansas. They allowed their herds to graze over the border and bitterly protested to Washington because the Government's soldiers persistently repulsed them. They appealed to Congress to open up these green, rolling pastures, complaining that it was being used for nothing but a red man's hunting-ground. Slowly the rangers crept in, and, through trades made with the tribes, the old Oklahoma Territory was practically given over to grazing long before the strip opened in 1889. They were the "outlaws," yet to-day they are heroes, for it was their early agitation that brought to the border the first flood of settlers and secured for the Territory the first release to the plow.

A State That Was Made in a Hurry

EIGHTEEN years ago, when the Government opened up the vast, rich reservation, eager homesteaders, numbering thousands, toed the line afoot, a-horseback, and a-buggy, set like Athenian runners, and, at the crack of the sentry's gun, sprinted, galloped, and drove with hosecart hurry over the uncut soil, to squat upon claims. Towns were laid out, and track-laying machines sped across the rolling stretches as if trying to clear the way for the "Flyer" and the "Limited" that pursued them. The Oklahoma State maker went to his prairie empire in a Pullman compartment car with a dining-car for trailer. And he broke his virgin quarter-section with a gang plow, just as he reaped his first crop of golden grain with a harvester instead of a Berkshire cradle.

The development of the old Oklahoma end of the new State has been less wonderful than natural. Transportation is the essential problem of any new country, and herein lies the greatest secret of Oklahoma's unprecedented growth. The railroads made the State. Neither turnpikes nor canals bore into the red man's paradise the white pilgrim and his civilizing burden. The wilderness quickly became a penetrated borderland. News of the first settlers' fortune spread rapidly, and this was the inspiration of immigration.

The story of Oklahoma has been the story of Americans rebuilding America. And what is the most telling result? The percentage of families owning their own homes, free from debt, is greater than in any other State in the Union. Landlords are as uncommon in Oklahoma as they are in South Dakota and even more unpopular. The educational system is being modeled on those advanced lines so well perfected in Wisconsin, capping the whole constructive plan with an admirable university at Norman, and for the maintenance and development of all this the State has set apart two millions of her best acres, which already is earning \$2,500,000 a year. Before an army of such sagacious and determined commonwealth builders the froth of speculators who eagerly followed the line of free homesteads quickly blew away. The Americans who made Oklahoma were earnest people.

The white man's advent into the red man's land is, in itself, a great historic drama. Consider the building of Oklahoma City. A train overloaded with human freight trailed across the Territorial prairies on the sunny Monday morning of April 22, 1889. Far out in

the unsettled stretches, where the horizon line was unbroken by a single work of man, the engineer stopped the train, and the conductor announced that upon that unbroken soil stood Oklahoma City. The cars were emptied, and behold! before the sun went down streets were surveyed and named, rude houses took shape, and five thousand people called it home. Within a month 1,160 buildings had been erected and the metropolis of a new commonwealth was anchored. If Kipling found romance in the thoughts of McAllester, the Scotch marine engineer, what might his fertile fancy do with such a realistic dream as this!

But the instantaneous creation of this new empire is only half of Oklahoma's romance. The other half of the story is the history of the old Indian confederation which President Roosevelt's autograph struck down. Andrew Jackson's Administration, finding the Indians of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi moving west in large bands, gave them Oklahoma's generous domain as an Indian empire, and bound it to the five tribes—the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, Creeks, and Cherokees—as theirs to have and to hold "as long as grass grows and water runs." For once we had tried to treat the red man squarely, and this effort will be an inspiration to coming historians. It had a far loftier effect than any frontier cavalry campaign, and it is an everlasting rebuke to our militant marches west, with their hardly concealed land-grabbing purpose.

The Indian half of the new State is not wanting in romance. Nor is its history in need of alluring stories. Long before the white man began to turn furrows in its rich red soil, Henry M. Stanley taught an Indian school at Fort Gibson. Here also lived Zachary Taylor before the Mexican War, and near by lived the gallant Jefferson Davis when he began his courtship of General Taylor's daughter, who later became his wife. In this land rests Sam Houston's Cherokee wife, and here is buried the body of the pugnacious Billy Bowlegs, who felt the sting of Andrew Jackson's ire when the Seminole warred in Florida. At Fort Gibson, in later years, James G. Blaine was nursed through a spell of sickness, and in the earlier days an Eastern correspondent by the name of Washington Irving wrote the first boom pamphlet, which was entitled "A Tour of the Prairies." This famous fort, together with Fort Arbuckle, Fort Washington, and Fort Towson, was years ago abandoned. These forts performed the most significant service of any military posts in American history. They were established for the protection of the red man—not as strongholds of campaigns against him and for the conquest of his lands. They were no forts for Custer.

At peace with the white man, the wise chiefs set out to emulate the good white brother's ways. In 1855 the Chickasaws negotiated for the establishment of a domestic form of government. The Choctaws, the Creeks, Cherokees, and Seminoles, promptly copied their plan. They adopted constitutions similar in form to that of North Carolina and Virginia, and with appropriate gratitude acknowledged the beneficence of the Almighty Father in permitting them to establish governments of their own choosing. They had their "House of Warriors" and their "House of Kings," and their governor was their chief. They erected legislative halls in their capital towns, just as we have built State-houses in Trenton and Topeka. They elected their lawmakers by popular suffrage every two years, and the application of their laws was tried out before a judiciary of three chief justices. Open, oral balloting became the rule in voting.

The Breaking of "That Poetic Treaty"

POLITICAL foundations were not the only institutions which the red men emulated. They built and conducted schools that would creditably represent the educational interests of any Massachusetts community. But alas for the "Civilized Indian," when he took to the plow he demonstrated too well his kingdom's worth, and lured the invaders in! The invaders pleaded for Statehood, and Statehood forever laid aside the promise to the red man that here he should have freedom "as long as grass grows and water runs." One borderland squatter, who had twice been thrown back into Kansas, said: "Damn that poetic treaty—the first drought will break it anyhow!" But Statehood overtook the drought.

It has, however, been the white blood that has been fused with the Indian blood, rather than the white blood in hostile opposition, that has forced the abandonment of the Indian empires. In 1880 one of the Government's agents, in making a report to the Secretary of the Interior, said: "The only way to solve

*The trails are turned to steel to-day,
The yellow wheat's between,
No more the prairie-schooner's sails
Drowse down the level green.*

*There's cotton in the bottom lands,
There's oil-wells on the ridge,
It's trolley-cars and "rest-rooms" now,
And Bowling Clubs and Bridge. . .*

—From "Oklahoma Lyrics"



A reminder

the Indian question here is to marry it out with white blood," and this is largely the story of Territorial days in the new State.

So direct has been the growth toward Statehood, so peaceably has it come, that there has been a total absence of that frontierism that made the advent of Kentucky and Illinois picturesque, and the story of the Dakotas, Texas, and California thrilling. The State of Oklahoma begins life in as peaceful and neighborly a fashion as exists to-day in the Genesee Valley, in the pleasant Ozark settlements of Missouri, or along the friendly banks of the Wabash.

There is scarcely a town of five hundred people in the new State that is not fully equipped with electric and gas plants, water-works and sewers. In all Oklahoma's larger towns the hotels are as well appointed, office buildings rise as stately and church spires as conspicuous as in any Eastern seaboard city of equal size. Oklahoma came into Statehood with more miles of railroad in operation than is to be found in any one of thirty-three of the older States. She has as many miles of trackage as Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts combined, with more than enough left over to build a line from Boston to Pittsburg.

Generally speaking, there is no staple product of any State that does not thrive in Oklahoma. She is agricultural, and therefore strong. Wall Street could go mad—the banks of Manhattan all "go bust"—and, but for the inconvenience of making trade in commodity rather than coin, Oklahoma wouldn't care. She would neither be hungry nor without shelter. Cotton and corn, wheat, oats, barley, and sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, turnips, and peanuts, grow side by side in the same field. All the grains and herbs yield in abundance, and in addition the fruits of New York, Oregon, and Louisiana are common to her soil.

Besides her vast agricultural wealth, her coal deposits, which are just being developed, will constitute the chief supply of the southwestern States. And her oil-wells exceed in output any district in the world, with the possible exception of the Baku pool of Russia. The new State has gas-wells producing twenty million feet per day. There are great deposits of asphaltum, of building stones, such as granite and marble, and some lead and copper mines are being developed.

Oklahoma Knows Her Own Mind

THE new State's Constitutional Convention was held in Guthrie for nearly a year, adjourning but a few months ago. They who framed the constitution were there to do an independent, not a patterned, thing. Overlong in session, they submitted to the Federal Government in Washington a constitution infinitely bulkier than any that had been framed before. In many respects it is a bold and thoroughly unorthodox foundation. It boldly reflects the spirit of the times. It defied the Administration's possible refusal of one and a half million appeals for citizenship, by ordaining that any corporation appealing to a Federal Court from any decision of a State court shall forfeit its charter. The constitutionality of this clause may easily be questioned, but Oklahoma's confidence in herself can not be denied. The constitution makers set out to legislate as well as constitute. They provided for a direct primary law and a two-cent maximum passenger rate, and they prohibited railroads from owning any productive agency of a natural commodity. These purely legislative enactments were incorporated in the new State's constitution with a clause that admits of easy amendment or change. However one may gage the wisdom that actuated the adoption of such a comprehensive constitution, he can not dispute the fact that the instrument did, at least, two things. It mirrored the spirit of the times, and it told Congress and the President just what kind of State Oklahoma proposed to be.

At the polls Oklahoma has registered herself to be overwhelmingly Democratic, and her constitution demonstrates her independence. Never before has any State come into the Union whose politics antagonized the Administration. After thirty bills authorizing Statehood had been presented to Congress, after accumulating a population five times greater than any other State at the time of its admission, would the Administration dare deny the righteous claim of this powerful commonwealth? Secretary Taft hurried to the Territory, urged the people to wait, and begged them to become Republicans. Oklahoma laughed—and the big War

Secretary went on his way. It was less interested in parties than in politics. President Roosevelt recognized values that his Secretary of War had failed to see. Moreover, he saw the people that Oklahoma claimed and who claimed Oklahoma. Nor was this all. He saw the bold fight which the brewers and the saloon party had made, and how the constitution makers and the people had killed their belligerent hopes. Federal laws compelled the enforcement of prohibition in the old Indian Territory half of the new State. The constitution made the prohibition clause cover the entire State and thus kill the political influence of the saloon element. This gratified the Chief Executive quite as much as other measures disquieted him, and Oklahoma was signed in.

Moreover, the Administration was forced to realize that Statehood had too long been delayed. One of two straight courses was open to the Government when he ropes went down, eighteen years ago: either keep faith with the red man and deny the right of the whites to occupy the Territory, or grant Statehood promptly. The Government did neither.

Why Statehood Waited

TO encourage procrastination there was a fighting lobby that represented something more than a Republican protest against a Democratic Congressional delegation. Railroads had grown suspicious of State Legislatures, and the history of the Standard Oil Company, which has a practical monopoly on the oil interests of the two Territories, had led it to believe it could serve its own ends better if it were less encumbered with legislation.

Though the State makers have been vigilant in fighting the powerful corporations and big interstate grafters, there are those who work within who are not without the art of unscrupulous cunning. Already boastful Oklahomans brazenly advocate the sale of the State school lands. Recognizing the rapidly increasing value of these public properties, Oklahoma's vigilant people should protect the commonwealth's educational interests against these vandals. And this project is among the least of the contemplated thefts.

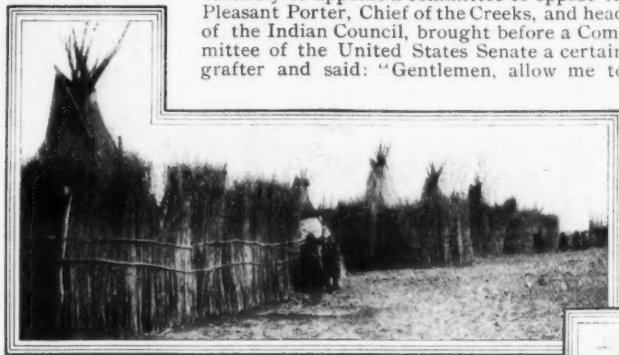
By an act of Congress, all restrictions on Indian lands were to be removed on July 1, 1907. This meant that sixty-five thousand full-bloods were to receive the title to their individual property rights in fee simple.

In 1904 Congress passed an act alienating the Freedmen's allotments, and a crafty combination of Oklahoma City pirates seized this opportunity, and in less than sixty days it is said that ninety per cent of the Freedmen's holdings had passed into the grafters' hands.

Property in some cases worth \$5,000 was sold for one-fifth, and even one-tenth, its value. Indian legislators became alarmed. They appealed to the Federal Government to have the 1904 Act, alienating the full-bloods' land, repealed. This resulted in an amendment that provided: "That no full-blood Indian of the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, or Seminole tribes shall have power to sell, alienate, dispose of or encumber in any manner any of the land allotted to him for a period of twenty-five years."

This unquestionably works an injustice, and possibly a hardship, upon some, but for the full-blood, who has been overtaken by a civilization more cunning than his own, it is, unquestionably, wise and best. The disaster of sixty-five thousand red men becoming homeless, in the last country they could ever call their own, was averted.

Before this amendment became law the Oklahoma Chamber of Commerce had the temerity to appoint a committee to oppose it. Pleasant Porter, Chief of the Creeks, and head of the Indian Council, brought before a Committee of the United States Senate a certain grafter and said: "Gentlemen, allow me to



An Indian settlement on one of the small reservations in Oklahoma that are still unopened to white occupation

present to you Mr. Bradley, the King of Grafters." The brazen Bradley turned upon the committee and replied: "Yes, I am the King of Grafters." And others had competed for the title. Twenty millions of acres, than which there is none more fertile or productive in the land, is a temptation to any professional home-stead chaser. They do not propose to let the McCumber amendment stand. An Indian saved it—an Indian who could have bought a seat in the United States Senate with five minutes of silence. Will Oklahoma allow these men to besmirch her unsoiled star?

The future historian will pause when he reads the story of Oklahoma. He may record

the white man's declaration: "Here shall be a State," and then chronicle the fulfillment of this prophecy. He may tell of the red man's thrift and recall the story that the Osage Indians, as a type, are better off than any community of equal size in all the United States; that each member has a cash balance of \$4,644 deposited in Uncle Sam's big bank at Washington, drawing interest at five per cent; and he may note that these Indians to-day loan money to Texas rangers.

The New State's Rich Heritage of Traditions

HE is sure to tell the story of the land lust that crazed the hordes of immigrants who surrounded the red man's last retreat. He will become enthusiastic over the wonderful story of how the cities were built and a stable government made, but he will fail in his mission if he neglects to tell the white men's children that the red man who went away was good; that he, too, could make laws, build schools, sow grain, and grow fruit; that he lost because he loved too well the poetry of life—he loved the sky, the grass, the brooks, the trees, the sun, and the bird on the wing. His code was the common code of out-of-doors.

This is the new State's rich heritage. The change is inevitable. It is infinitely wise, and best. It is the world's way. Yet the tragedy is there, and it should live in song and story. Shortly before Chief Porter's death, I entered his office at Muskogee. I found him seated before a group of old, sullen-faced red men. The chief smiled kindly and pointed sympathetically to his people and said: "I have told them that the

White Father has been good to us; that we have been happy here and now we must be happy to have others here. But they don't like to be crowded. They like to have room. They want to be free like the birds in the air. I have talked to them; I have talked to them, but I can not make them understand."

"Oklahoma" is a Choctaw word meaning "Home of the Red Man." And the red man knows not how to translate it into something else. Since the brave chief spoke these words he has gone to the Oklahoma that will never need surrender, and his people who have heard him plead for peace will go as he has gone. Then may the whistles of Caucasian commerce blow without discord to a single human ear. Till then, those who are left of the lost kingdom must look with backward-searching gaze upon their confiscated hunting-ground on which nothing of theirs now remains but the name—for the white man, too, has called it Oklahoma.



A Nerve Specialist to His Patients

Being the second of a series of letters by FREDERICK PETERSON M.D., Professor of Psychiatry at Columbia University, Ex-President of the New York Neurological Society, and author of "Mental Diseases." Other letters will be: "To a Woman Concerning Her Inebriate Son," "To a Young Woman Who Is Depressed," "To Several Women Concerning Their Nervous Children"

II—The World-Wide Crusade Against Alcohol

WHEN we look down the vista of a hundred million years and note the perils that have been passed in the progress from amoeba to man, we are lost in wonder and amazement at the power of survival, the extraordinary virility, of that vital spark. To speak of only a few of the dangers that have beset this creature since he became man, imagine for one moment the planetary upheavals and subsidences, the earthquakes and deluges, the ancient predatory monsters of the air, land, and sea, the tribal battles and the world-sweeping plagues that must have surpassed anything we know historically of "Black Death," or "Yellow Death," or "White Death"! But that there was in him the sovereign will to live that made him "ride in triumph over all mishap," is promise of further fulfillment, evidence of strength to outlive these present perils that threaten us with degeneracy and extinction. Each age has had its gantlet of terrors for mankind to run. Each era has seen him arrive at a higher level of racial progress. And yet, are we sure that he can likewise conquer the ills that beset him now? Or will this be the end—a slow moral and mental degeneracy, through the undermining agencies in the shape of money-greed, the Frascatorian disease, and alcohol?

Alcohol in Any Form a Poison, Physicians Agree

YOU, who have suffered so many afflictions through alcohol, a widow now with bitter memories of an inebriate husband, rendered thrice bitter by the legacies he left behind in the form of three defective children, write to me to express my opinion on the alcoholic question. You wish if possible to aid somehow in the struggle against alcohol. I shall be glad to put my position before you in a brief letter.

All physicians acknowledge that alcohol is a poison, taken in any form—wine, beer, hard cider, rum, whisky or patent medicines or bitters. There is no question as to its being a poison. The retort that the active principles of tea and coffee are also poisons is no argument in favor of alcohol, because, while both tea and

coffee when taken in excess bring on nervous symptoms, they are insignificant as compared with the unparalleled destructiveness of alcohol, which overfills our hospitals, insane asylums, idiot asylums, almshouses, epileptic colonies, reformatories, and prisons with its direct or indirect victims.

Alcohol is a poison.
It is claimed by some that alcohol is a food. If so, it is a poisoned food.

The daily regular use of alcohol even in moderation often leads to chronic alcoholism.

One is poisoned less rapidly by the use of beer than by drinking wines, gin, whisky, and brandy.

Alcohol is one of the most common causes of insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, diseases of the liver and stomach, dropsy, and tuberculosis.

A father or mother who drinks poisons the children born to them, so that many die in infancy, while others grow up as idiots and epileptics.

THE discussion as to whether alcohol is an aliment or not is equally idle and evasive of the main issue. It is not a food like bread and butter, for it has venom in it. It is as yet an undecided question in the medical profession as to whether it should be used at all even as a stimulant in sickness. The general tendency is to reduce the consumption of alcohol as a drug in hospitals. My opinion is that among physicians themselves there is a rapidly increasing proportion of total abstainers. This is especially noteworthy in Europe, where physicians are the most active participants in the tremendous anti-alcoholic movement which is sweeping over Germany, France, and Switzerland.

It is right that physicians should be in the van in this great crusade. They are the guardians of the health of the racial mind and body. No one knows as well as they the vast harm wrought by alcohol in the minds and bodies of living generations, not to speak of the awful havoc to generations as yet unborn.

Let all means be used in one long, united struggle! Everything that conduces to the one end will be useful, whether we work through the Legislatures (high

license, prohibition, restrictions, Gothenburg system, anti-adulteration, State monopolies), through societies (temperance unions, coffee-taverns, leagues against alcohol, societies of children, students, workmen, physicians, and in association with shops, stores, factories, churches, etc.), or through publications for purposes of education. All of this work in any of these directions is not only effective in itself, but educational in drawing attention to the alcohol danger. My own opinion is that more can be accomplished by a campaign of education than in any other way. I would have every man, woman, and child become familiar with what is known by the medical profession of the ravages of alcohol. The facts should be stated briefly and simply and, without exaggeration, put into a form somewhat as I have arranged them in the preceding column.

How to Carry on the Fight Against Alcohol

I SHOULD have these or similar statements presented to the public in every conceivable way, in circulars, pamphlets, newspapers, on postal cards, and on billboards. Many shop and store keepers might be induced to print them on their wrapping-paper. Every druggist should have them printed on his wrapping-paper. Hospitals and dispensaries should print these facts upon every prescription blank and card issued to patients. All the hospitals of Paris already do this, besides having large posters conveying the same information conspicuously placed in all the wards. The State hospitals for the insane and epileptic hospitals or colonies and the prisons should print a brief line upon every letterhead stating the percentage of admissions of alcoholic insanity or epilepsy or crime each year. Many doctors might be induced to have such facts printed on the backs of their prescriptions. I suppose it would be difficult to enact a law demanding such a poster to be put up in every saloon, but the city might require it in every tenement hallway. I believe a system of education carried out thus would accomplish a vast amount of good.

From the suggestions given in this letter I think you will discover a way for taking an active part yourself in the propaganda against alcohol. You might try first to interest some of the hospital and dispensary managers in the proposals made above, after which new avenues of usefulness will doubtless open out to you.

Pinchot's Fight for the Trees

An Account of the Work of
Our National Forester

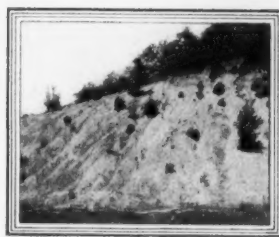
By FREDERICK PALMER



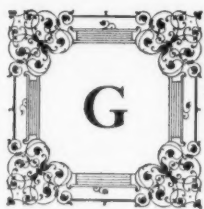
Reckless lumbering in the Alleghenies has been the cause of spring floods at Pittsburgh, and water famines later in the year



Gifford Pinchot,
ruler of the
nation's forests



Deforestation in the Appalachians has led to the washing away of vast areas of sandy, and formerly productive, soil



GIFFORD PINCHOT has been called the most useful man in the United States, and he has been called, with equal feeling, a petty tyrant who forces settlers and prospectors to ask his consent before cutting a stick for frying their breakfast bacon.

His growth of authority is startling. Nine years ago when he took office he had eleven assistants and an appropriation of \$28,500. To-day he has fourteen hundred assistants and an appropriation of \$3,100,000. Territory four times the size of New England is under his control.

The machinery of his kingdom is the Forest Service which he created. A visitor to its offices misses the signs by which a Government bureau is usually identified; for that question of what becomes of the old in America is never asked in Washington. Rather, you wonder where is the youth from which age is recruited. Grandfathers and grandmothers typewrite and index while the red tape gently spins. Death alone retires them, civil service reform having overlooked a pension system.

At the Forest Service the grandsons seem to be in charge, and a strange elation, as of haste to prepare for a holiday, enlivens the clerical force. When you ask for the heads in charge of 10,000,000 acres you are shown youngsters not long out of college. None of the men with any responsibility seems much over thirty; most of them under.

"National Forests" Now, Not "Forest Reserves"

AT five all the old clerks go home. That is the law. But the heads remain. Far into the night the lights from the red brick building on F Street twinkle out over the darkened departments of the big Governmental village which is called a city.

"Is all this activity due to a sudden outbreak of forest fires?" you ask.

"No, we are getting them pretty well under control," is the answer. "We estimate that we save \$20,000,000 a year in that way alone. The fact is, we are short-handed, and it is a great work." And great fun, unquestionably, judging from the enthusiasm.

The National Forester himself is only forty-two. To say that he is the father of forestry in America is not quite correct, though the enthusiasts would not deny that he is.

Dr. Fernow, his predecessor, understood the rules of forestry, but the Doctor and his assistants had no authority to practise them. They gave advice and wrote pamphlets, and were one of the many ganglia of experts hidden away in the Agricultural Department's manifold activities.

In their day we had forest reserves. To say that we have forest reserves now is rankest heresy in the red brick building. The whole force rises to the correction of "national forests."

A forest reserve was a tract nominally reserved by the National Government from outside molestation. It was a dead piece of land. The old trees were allowed to rot instead of being cut when they were ripe. Thieves raided it. The new trees had no chance to grow. There was no crop, no income.

A national forest means forestation. It means cutting the ripe trees from year to year and letting the new ones grow to maturity in their place. Once you are started you have an annual crop as regularly as wheat. We are making the start.

While others merely foresaw the coming of the day when we must look to reproducing our timber supply, Pinchot's distinction was in making that future demand a basis for a career new to America.

At Yale he was called "mad on trees." After graduation he studied with the men who make forests in Europe. His first work in America was with George W. Vanderbilt, the youngest son of William K., who took up with what seemed an extravagant hobby at the time. The hundred thousand acres in the Appalachians, where he began applying the principles of forestry in 1890, cost him \$200,000 a year for many years. Already the balance is turning to the other side of the ledger. Long after the railroad lines, which his family consolidated, have passed into other hands, Biltmore may yield an income.

Biltmore, however, was only an incident for Pinchot in the nineties. Having a large private fortune, income was no object to him except to further his studies. Having learned the principles of forestry, he set out to learn their application to his own country. In every great forest region he traveled, living in a tent in the snows, hiking with his pack on his back, happy as an astronomer at Flagstaff. He saw the old trees not with a poet's eye, but with the eye of a national lumberman. He would not keep them for beauty or shade, but turn them into boards, making room for youth to



The old, destructive method of lumbering was to cut the hillsides close, leaving the smaller limbs and boughs to become fuel for fires that destroyed the young trees



The modern forester's way is to cut the timber in strips and pile and burn the refuse. The strips left standing serve to reseed the spaces that have been cut over

grow. The problem presented to him by every stretch of wood he studied was how to get the maximum yield in timber out of the land.

Ten years of this kind of work, when no one else was engaged in it with the same thoroughness and the same opportunity, thanks to his wealth, formed his equipment in 1896. In that year we officially awoke to the fact that if we did not grow trees we would soon have none. Pinchot became as important as the only man who knew the road when the children of Israel marched out of the wilderness. He was made a member of the pioneer committee of the National Academy of Science, by President McKinley to advise the Secretary of the Interior as to the treatment of forest lands.

The committee all had theory and young Pinchot had practise. Not from genius, not from influence, not from personal attractiveness, but from sheer experience he was the man to lead the way. In 1898 Mr. McKinley put him at the head of the Division of Forestry. If you tell him that he made our forest policy, his answer is that it is the inevitable, scientifically proved policy.

National Forests Needed in the East

SET back from either boundary ocean are two mountain chains. Between them lies the vast farming region drained by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. In the end the mountains, suitable only for growing trees, must furnish our timber, while on the alluvial lands the farmers will require only wood lots for wind breaks and fence posts and fuel. That primeval home of the hard woods, the Eastern and Middle States, will keep on sending less and less to market, and the Appalachians must be the final source of supply.

Thus the United States is carefully mapped in geographical sections as to uses for which each is best fitted. This brings us to one of the cruxes of the quarrel that has raged about Pinchot's head. With his personality it has nothing to do. It involves the principle of States rights.

Shall the nation tell a State that a certain part of its territory must be protected for the sake of other States? Is Colorado to consider the irrigation rights of Arizona? May the factory in Georgia dependent on water-power derived from South Carolina have any say about South Carolina's mountains?

That forests draw rain is not yet proved; that they do hold moisture, thus tempering the flow of streams, is indisputable. If the Rockies were barren, shelving

rocks, the rivers which drain them would become waterspouts, and the population would either be running away from freshets or going thirsty.

Ruthless deforestation in the Rockies has been stopped in time. By arbitrarily adding 1,500,000 acres to the forest domain in March last, the President finally locked the door with many horses still in the stable. It is in the East—from whose experience the West is profiting—that the problem is now serious.

A proclamation from the White House can be of no service in the Appalachians where ownership is private and the migratory poor white farmer girdles the trees. After they die he takes a few crops, without the trouble of fertilization or thorough cultivation, and then this top soil, soil fit only for forestry, which was held in place by root meshes, is washed away. In this way twenty-four per cent of the Appalachian forest region has been laid waste.

An appropriation of \$35,000 for delimiting the nucleus of an Appalachian national forest barely passed Congress. Mr. Dalzell of Pittsburgh was among those who voted against it in a desire to draw the line somewhere on the cranks of the Agricultural Department (and Congress has to deal with so many cranks that it gets confused in separating the sheep from the goats).

That was only last winter. In the spring Western Pennsylvania suffered from a flood which cost her several millions, and Secretary Wilson, Pinchot's chief, in his dry, you-can't-dispute-it way, told the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce that more and worse floods might be expected until trees were growing again in deforested sections of the Alleghenies. Probably no members from Western Pennsylvania will err on this subject again.

Pinchot's Patient Way with the Skeptics

EVEN a member from Central Kansas, say forest experts, ought to have favored the appropriation from selfish interest; for the price of his bureaus and tables is affected by the price of hard woods. A forest policy is a policy for all. It brings an innovation which is as necessary at this stage of our country's growth as water mains and sewers in certain stages of a town's.

The delicate and the most difficult part of Pinchot's task is to make men see its wisdom. In his hands Congress has placed the power to issue permits for all timber cut, to name all conditions for its cutting and for grazing in the national forests. When he sought a force of administration for this service of to-morrow, he found that the only trained foresters in the United States were from his own little school at Biltmore, the school his father had lately established at Yale, and other schools where scientific students had paid attention to forestry.

"A dude in Washington is to decide whether a man out in Idaho shall cut a stick of timber or not!"

That was the natural war-cry of the great timber interests. It went home to the pioneer, bred of a race of pioneers that made clearings to plant corn and used to regarding the forest as an enemy.

But the dude makes it a rule for himself, and the responsible heads of the service to spend six months of the year "at the front." In turn, the supervisors who are his officers in the field, one for each of the one hundred and fifty forests, are brought to Washington. Under them are the forest rangers and the forest guards, who must be residents of the States where they serve.

Any settler is entitled to firewood free; to graze his cows and horses on the forest domain adjoining his ranch. A ranger may sell fifty dollars' worth of timber without the consent of his supervisor; a supervisor five hundred dollars' worth without the consent of Washington. This avoids delay in meeting immediate calls.

The lumbermen must not leave blackened and unproductive hillsides; they must not cut the small trees, and they must leave strips uncut to permit of reseeded; they must not waste by high stumpage; they must pile the brush so it can be burned safely without making forest fires. And a herder must not graze ground which needs a rest to save it from ruin.

Could any reasonable man object? Was it good lumbering, in the name of the nation, to kill the sources of timber? Good grazing to kill the grass roots? However hard they come at him, Pinchot purrs. An objection means an opportunity to spread light. Even abuse he accepts as an inquiry.

"The devil himself couldn't make a man who calmly plants trees as a crop lose his temper," to quote one of his enemies. "He belongs in the same category with Job."

There is no reaching him by the ordinary "pull" routes. He is satisfied to know one thing well. It is no secret that he might have had a Cabinet office. Should Cincinnati leave the plow to be an alderman in Rome? Hardly. The savior of the trees sticks to his woodlot; and there he has moral force, and the layman may scarcely expect to beat him in argument.

Pinchot knew that if he had the settlers and the pros-

pectors with him he must win his fight. Their support both he and his enemies sought; and his campaign document is the Use Book. This he widely circulates in forest regions. Its name expresses the idea. Timber is for use; "no longer to be locked up, but opened up."

Not through his rangers, but through the intelligent self-interest of the people who live in its neighborhood he must guard the trees. If we had relatively as many rangers for the size of our national forests as Germany, they would form an army of two hundred thousand men. So fourteen hundred are as needles in a haystack.

In the old days the signboards on the forest reserves emphasized the penalty for starting forest fires as well as for stealing timber. But the offender was in no danger of being caught in the wilderness, and he knew it. The black-letter headline of the present signboard is CAUTION instead of FINE. It aims to make the reader realize that it is his own forest which he may destroy if he leaves a camp-fire smoldering or throws a lighted match into dry grass.

As a working companion of the old accepted tenet of the pioneer (which frontier public opinion rigidly enforced) about keeping a water-hole free from con-

tamination we are to have another taught by the same common recognition of universal self-interest, which is to guard the forest.

Protection and regulation form only a part of the service's work. Barren spaces are being reforested, and in some cases where the ground is good only for trees, being newly forested. Every one of the 150 forests has its own small nursing and experiment station. Eight main planting stations have a maximum capacity of seven million trees a year. It costs from \$1.50 to \$3.25 to make the shoots ready for planting, and from \$4 to \$12 an acre to set them out. There the expense ends. Mother earth does the rest for future generations.

Of the soils of the territory being opened to cultivation by our irrigation projects, the experts of the silviculture branch are making a special study. Nor will they be hurried as they might if grain were the crop. It would be trying to a young rancher to put in the wrong seed for his future wood lot and not find out his mistake until after his children were grown up.

Other experts are wholly occupied with wood utilization and preservation, which means making the most of the timber once it is cut. If one of a thousand trials succeeds, the experimenters' salary has been paid a

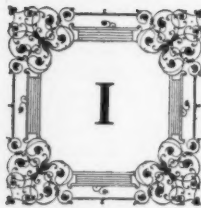
hundred times over. The more costly wood becomes the more important endurance becomes. A creosoted mine timber has double the life of one untreated. Through the stove and furnace, the seven or eight cents on every ton of anthracite coal, spent for timbering, has an intimate connection with every citizen's pocket. A timber magnate may argue that when our forests are exhausted American ingenuity will find something to take the place of wood.

"As well might we plant no wheat for the next season," answer the foresters, "in the hope that before the year is out, a way of making bread out of weeds will be found."

Enthusiasm may be a fault of the Forest Service. Some Western Senators think so. In time it might become too autocratic. With a corrupt or an incompetent head forester its power for evil would be enormous. But these young men travel a road wide open to criticism, and that danger is not of the present. Wisdom would seem to require that the service be made permanent, with a retiring age and retired pay. Then it will not fall into the ways of the grandfathers and grandmothers who typewrite and index while the red tape gently spins.

Plays and Players

By ARTHUR RUHL



IT SEEMS a pity that critics—a race easily superior in fierceness to the head-hunting Moros and hairy Ainus—should be condemned by an imperfect social system to fritter away in a minor art forces which, properly applied, might readily handle all the world's jobs at heavy slaughtering. Is not theirs the same tragic pathos which is stirred by the spectacle of a Bengal tiger, a man-eater undoubtedly if he had a chance, pacing up and down behind the bars of his cage, once at nightfall beautifully to pounce upon his supper and roar his jungle dithyrambs over a harmless mutton-chop?

Of course the public must be amused. Gladiators and Christian martyrs are now considered antique, and it is far easier to pay a penny for a paper and see a dramatist slaughtered than to pay two dollars for a seat and be tortured yourself. But does not humanity, in the end, pay an infinitely dearer price? Consider the homesick soldiers and malarial ditch-diggers, natural-born men of peace, all, who would far rather be at home sitting in a comfortable theatre. Consider the reviewers—"jaded first-nighters," or, as they are sometimes known to one another, "the chain gang." Bring home the exiles, unchain the fighting men. Chemical analysis of their writings shows conclusively that each of them has at least six times the amount of Red Blood contained in an equal weight of lean live beef. In five years, or less, the Philippines would be a sort of restricted residence suburb, the Panama Canal dug. We wouldn't even have to read any more magazine stories about starving or freezing Alaskan prospectors, because, before a race so highly vitalized and ebulliently virile, The North, the Long Hunger, and all the elemental terrors the magazinists write about would cease to exist.

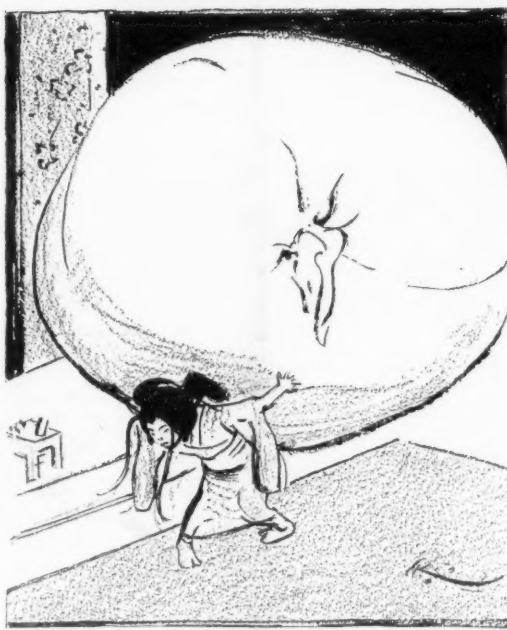
From Sapphic Verse to Chicago Slang

THE immediate inspiration of these remarks was the reception recently "handed out" to the "Sappho and Phaon" of Mr. Percy Mackaye and the "Artie" of Mr. George Ade. If Mr. Ade, instead of being one of the greatest contemporary benefactors of the human race, and Mr. Mackaye, instead of being a well-meaning young poet, of high aspirations and worthy accomplishment, had boiled their ancestors in oil, wrecked a few trust companies, and set fire to a Home for the Blind, the receiving party could scarcely have dashed into its work with keener relish or more whole-hearted abandon.

Undoubtedly, what is called the "poetic drama" is an antique, and experiments in it on our stage are, at best, only successful *tours de force*. It is also true that Mr. Mackaye's scholarly and quietly human temperament is not frequently discovered in the act of being swept off its feet by the more tempestuous phases of lyric frenzy.

His verse has dignity, however, and a certain very kindly humanity—two things to be expected of the author of "Joan of Arc"—and it occasionally really soars and sings. The story of "Sappho and Phaon" is the eternal one of the conflict between art and life, the difficulty of reconciling the pursuit of beauty with conventional human existence—as "modern" is "The Master Builder." For this story Mr. Harrison Fiske had provided a really beautiful and richly atmospheric scene—a promontory overlooking the sea; on the right the white portal of a Greek temple, to the left an altar smoking lazily heavenward. In the rear, far below, lay the blue Aegean, with just-visible tiny white temples showing on its distant islands, and from beneath the cliff came the steady swish of the surf.

To this beautiful and soothing place you enter, from the evening glare and uproar of Forty-second Street, leaving, perforce, the worries of the day behind. So novel is the scene and the dignity of sonorous line that any one who has ever enjoyed or endured acquaintance



Mme. Hanako impersonating the comic maid-servant

with the classics ought to be able, merely for old-time's sake, to pass an agreeable evening were Mr. Mackaye merely to rise in an orchestra stall and read his own work.

As presented by Mme. Kalish and the other players the play surely ought to give rise to no more vindictive emotions than are aroused, for instance, in the average man's mind by two hours' enforced acquaintance with a symphony orchestra. Yet against these melodious lines, these restful Greek columns, those little, luring, far-off islands and the blue Aegean—"terrible, teeming, maternal sea," Mr. Mackaye would say—are hurled such epithets as these: "Suffocating," "an awful crime," "insufferable," "eviscerated and feminine," "impossible to sit through," "when we think that we have condemned . . . we are inclined to apologize. These men were at least normal, at least healthy . . . they are sane. They are—at least by comparison—red-blooded individuals."

O wickedly tranquil Aegean!

O base chaste temple portal and unbelligerent iambs!

O shameless non-resisting Verse Carpenter!

O Red Blood! Red Blood! How many sins are committed in thy name!

Mr. Ade, after the first-night of "Artie," might well have followed the example of his hero at one point in the play and asked the public to "step up and shake hands with the boy murderer." Undoubtedly, as a drama "Artie" contains little to which Indiana can point with pride. It is, to say the least, casual. But it does tell a simple little story in a plausible enough way, and it is full of Mr. Ade's humor, his sense of character, and of that freshness which, after all, is about the rarest and most valuable quality in any work of literary art. Artie himself, a Chicago youth of the breeziest "I-Will" type, absolutely cocksure and cheerful, no matter how much the odds seem to be against him, might easily be made insufferable. As impersonated by Mr. Lawrence Wheat, with an honest Chicago accent and a wonderfully subtle smile which would charm money from a wrecked trust company and make a raving hyena purr and clap his paws, he was irresistible—his superficial slang and "nerve" the natural and unconscious bubbling up of that more im-

portant kind of freshness which belongs to youth itself and to life in communities where opportunity is great and life seems something entirely new.

Mr. Arnold Daly has escaped the more boisterous forms of manhandling during his experiment in giving one-act plays, by the simple device of so irritating the newspapers that they give him little or no notice at all. Nothing could have been more bumptious or ill-advised. Publicity is the life of any theatre. The greatest actor in the world couldn't get along without it, infinitely less the unlucky little theatre in Forty-fourth Street. It was a pity, for while Mr. Daly's pretensions to a "theatre of ideas" may be somewhat exaggerated, his program—three one-act plays, the middle one given by Mme. Hanako and her Japanese company, the first curtain rising at nine o'clock so that people need not bolt their dinner—has much to commend it.

In entertainments of this kind each tabloid drama must be something of a "shocker," must hit the spectator squarely between the eyes. This Mr. Frank Keenan succeeded in doing in his similar experiment a year or two ago. "After the Opera" and "The Van Dyck," pieces played recently, have this quality.

The first is adapted from the French. A man, surprised at night during a clandestine meeting in a wife's chamber by what both think is the husband coming upstairs, escapes through an adjoining room. The scene shifts to the snow-covered street and two policemen discussing their loneliness. A window opens, and the man jumps almost into their arms. While trying to explain himself the husband himself appears approaching the house. The man, realizing that the noise must have been made by a burglar, dashes to the door, which he finds forced, and the entire party rush into the house. The scene shifts back again to the bedroom, on the floor of which the wife lies strangled. In their common burst of grief over the dead woman's body the lover unconsciously cries: "Why did I leave her?" The words, repeated several times, gradually focus themselves on the husband's brain—an extremely ingenious flash of drama—and in a swift scene which follows a perfect circumstantial case is built up against the lover, and he is turned over to the police as the murderer. He thereupon shoots himself, and the husband, aware, of course, of his innocence, but determined to save his wife's reputation, is saying: "He has confessed," as the curtain falls.

Mr. Arnold Daly's One-Act Plays

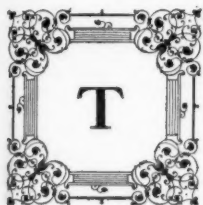
"THE Van Dyck" is a wild farce set in a bachelor apartment in the superior neighborhood of Mayfair. A long-haired, artistic person enters, apparently attracted thither from a neighboring apartment by the young man's beautiful piano-playing. He admires everything in the room, flatters the host into telling its price, and finally begins to tell the story of his life. This grows more and more hectic, until it is apparent to the young man and to the audience that the visitor is a madman. Just at the point where he breaks loose and starts to pursue his host around the apartment, a doctor and four or five keepers break in. The doctor apologizes profusely, explains that the patient had escaped from a neighboring asylum, and says if the young man will step into the next room so that the maniac may not be excited by his presence they will soon have him in a strait-jacket. He no sooner withdraws than the entire party whip out gunnysacks and pack away everything in sight. Even the piano is hustled out, and when the young man returns the apartment is bare except for the precious Van Dyck, which, as the pretended maniac has already made clear to the audience, is a copy.

Mr. Daly appears in both these things. He is good at times and at other times exceedingly bad, especially as to his shrill voice and absurd, barbaric enunciation. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, Miss Helen Ware, and others assist him. The little Japanese lady generally makes the one personal hit of the evening.

His Misspent Youth

The Story of how Profligacy was Capitalized out in Sonora Heights

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER



THE year which Stephen Kimball had passed in the house of Morse & Blodgett, wool merchants, had been satisfactory neither to himself nor to his employers. Quick to learn, he had been equally quick to grow impatient of the office drudgery. Moreover, Morse & Blodgett liked grave and sedate young men, and the fact that Stephen had spent four wild years in college had caused them to accept him reluctantly, and only for the sake of an old family friendship. Reports that he had not abandoned the evil courses of his youth, but still rejoiced in jollifications with undisciplined associates and in theatrical entertainments of a low order, tended to make the bearing of his superiors severe. His frequent tardinesses in the morning were noted and ascribed to causes within his own control. Altogether he was made to feel that he was an unpromising youth; and he had been preparing himself for separation from the house. He was by no means callous about this or undismayed; he felt that he really understood the wool business pretty well and could like it and succeed in it if he were given the right sort of chance.

Roberts's appendix was what gave him the chance. Roberts was to have started west on the 15th of the month to buy wool; on the 14th his appendix was taken out. The other wool buyers of the firm were in the West and Northwest; there was nobody to cover New Mexico and Arizona—nobody but Stephen.

"I have," said Mr. Morse, a correct, elderly gentleman with neat gray side-whiskers—"I have no great confidence, Mr. Kimball, in your talent for meeting responsibility. But there is no one else whom I can send. If you acquit yourself creditably, no one will be more pleased than I—or more surprised."

A challenge such as that made success imperative. So, three days later, when the low afternoon sun was warming an ample, rolling New Mexico landscape, one passenger in the Transcontinental Express sat on the edge of his chair in apprehensive readiness. The train was slowing up for Sonora Heights—the first place at which Stephen must "make good."

He stepped out into the calm, clear air; and the train moved on. Three men in the station doorway eyed him with languid interest. He was tall and slight, with a thin, scholarly face canted upward as if in an effort to gain a better vision for his spectacled eyes. The three observing him were a fat man in overalls, a short, brown-bearded man in khaki, and a picturesque, graceful, keen-eyed person with a superb, long mustache, a red neckcloth, and trousers tucked inside his knee boots—to Stephen's eyes a typical hero of the plains. The boy glanced diffidently away, surveyed the street running parallel with the track—a street mainly of one-story saloons with false second-story fronts; it was evidently a busy day in town, for many horses were tethered to the posts of the saloon porches. Immediately behind the station Stephen observed a building with a genuine second story, bearing the sign, "Palace Hotel."

He approached the three men and said: "Could you please direct me to the hotel?"

The good-natured fat man jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Funny," said the typical hero of the plains, "how few folks from the East are used to using their eyes."

"Strange," said the short man in khaki.

"Excuse me," said Stephen mildly. "I saw the hotel. But you looked as if you wanted me to say something. And I never like to disappoint."

"Now that," declared the good-natured person in overalls, "is a handsome wish. My name, sir, is Daniel Connor; I'm station agent. You, I take it, are the gentleman come to buy wool for Morse & Blodgett."

"That's it. Stephen Kimball's my name."

"Well, you'd meet these two in the course of tradin';

this here is John McCabe, and this gentleman with the Greaser style of get-up is Tom Dixon—and you want to keep your eye-teeth skinned for 'em both."

"My name is Norval, and I tended father's flocks upon the Grampian Hills," observed Mr. Dixon. "Don't Morse & Blodgett think you're kind of young for your job?"

"They might if this was the East," admitted Stephen. "But out here, in God's country, among big-hearted men, they know that no advantage is ever taken of innocence and inexperience."

The station agent chuckled; Mr. Dixon stroked his long mustache and eyed Stephen. "A kid," said McCabe, "ought sure to know good wool."

"I'm afraid," said Dixon, "all he knows is cotton wool. But we'll look after him. Come along, sir; let me escort you to the Palace. Kimball, you say, is your name? I'll call you Kim. And we'll see if you're as clever a boy as that little fellow was."



"When he counts three, jerk up the string and yank the rope"

With a sense of security at being seized upon by a man of such cultivation, Stephen accompanied Dixon; McCabe sauntered behind. They entered the bar-room of the hotel; a dozen dusty, sunburnt individuals stared at Stephen.

"This is Morse & Blodgett's man," announced Dixon. "I'll present him to you all after he's had a chance to wash up. You can see he's had an awful dirty ride."

Stephen blushed at this intimation that his personal appearance was open to reproach.

"Sink's in there," said McCabe, pointing to a door. Stephen disappeared. When he emerged, Dixon took him by the arm.

"My friend Kim," said Dixon. "Busy Pete, Alkali Ike, Cactus Sam, Sagebrush Joe, Warty Wallace, Mayonnaise Jim—and others."

Stephen suspected—but did not question—the genuineness of these appellations. He cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm feeling dry; I hope you are the same."

"It's a dry country," said Cactus Sam.

"Bill," cried Dixon, "a little alcohol, fresh from the wood."

They all gathered close to the bar, while the proprietor, a loutish man with a four days' beard and a beastly hairy hand, filled with whisky the correct number of glasses.

"Gentlemen, drink hearty," Stephen entreated. Too literally they obeyed him; he had but sipped his whisky when he observed that in one vast simultaneous swallow full justice had been done. "Here's how," said Stephen; he raised his glass. They watched him curiously, but he did not flinch; six vivid convulsive leaps of his Adam's apple, and the deed was done. Dixon thumped him on the back. "Guess you mix water with it in the thin-blooded East," said he.

At the door behind the bar appeared a sullen-looking girl with untidy blond hair; irritably she rang a jangling bell.

"Come in to supper," said Dixon. "Polly—" he chuckled the sullen-looking girl under the chin—"this here is my friend Kim, and don't you cast any of your long, languorous looks at him or I'll get jealous."

The girl made a face and pushed him, obviously pleased. For Stephen she had only a glance of disdain. Dixon took his place at the head of the long table; Stephen sat between him and McCabe. On the wall were two decorations—a vague picture of a waterfall under a pink veil, and a royal straight flush, framed in acorns. Polly brought on the pork and beans, set them in front of Dixon, and then leaned indifferently against the wall. While he was engaged in distributing the rations, Dixon was silent.

"I'm gamblin' five to four on the dog—and have more to put up," proclaimed Alkali Ike.

"I'll go you, Ike, for five dollars," sang out McCabe.

"Barney's been starvin' the dog for two days so it'll be something fierce," remarked Busy Pete.

"Barney's a fool," said McCabe. "What the dog needs is nourishment to give it stren'th, not starvation to give it ferocity. Badger'll make it look like a frazzled parrakeet."

"Tad ain't much to look at, but he's got character," declared Warty Wallace. "I've put my money on the dog."

McCabe turned upon Stephen.

"Why'd they send you?" he asked.

"Mr. Roberts was taken with appendicitis," replied Stephen. "And I was the only available person left!"

"I expect," said Dixon in a bland but commanding voice, "we would all agree that we are sorry Mr. Roberts is sick, but glad to be entertaining Mr. Kim."

Stephen, the rash youth, rose to his feet. That long, raw drink, working slowly, had inspired him now with an easy confidence. He felt upon his lips a marvelous command of speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, leaning with his knuckles upon the table, bowing out his elbows, and peering round with wise, spectacled eyes, "I feel that this occasion calls for more than words, for more even than food. Excellent as are the pork and beans which Mr. Dixon has so gracefully and equitably dispensed, I venture to suggest that they would be improved in flavor by a modicum of our host's admirable whisky. Polly, put the whisky on and we'll have tea."

"You're all right!" shouted Sagebrush Joe. "And, gentlemen," continued Stephen, still leaning on his knuckles, and bowing his elbows out a little more, "I beg of you the privilege of moistening my stimulant with water in the enfeebled Eastern manner. I hope that in so doing I shall not be thought to detract from the virility of this assemblage."

"There was a fellow drowned hisself once," said Cactus Sam.

"That's many a way of choking to death," replied Stephen.

"My friend Kim," said Dixon, "is the kind of man that improves upon acquaintance, and we shall all be pleased to unite with him in drink. Polly, let me have that bottle, my girl. Shall I pour for the crowd?"

"Pour," said Busy Pete.

Stephen felt strangely affable and at ease, and his power of language delighted him. It seemed to him an advantageous time to touch upon the subject of his mission.

"A good lot of wool in these parts?" he asked.

"A fair amount," replied McCabe.

Dixon leaned over toward Stephen. "Let me put you wise," he said in an undertone. "This is no time to talk business. Everybody's taken up with the dog and badger scrap to-night. Until that scrap is pulled off, wool ain't a factor in the life of Sonora Heights. If you'd like to see the show, I'll get you in; I'm boss of the performance."

"Fine and dandy!" cried Stephen.

"Me for a reserved seat. I never saw a badger fight a dog."

"Say," said Busy Pete, eagerly, "it is one of the most fierce and interesting sights."

It was after eight o'clock when they left the Palace Hotel. Stars and moon shone over the pale and quiet plains, glimmering lines of track darkened into obscurity; the little town seemed an island of gaiety and light. The horses still drowsed at the saloon porches; from within came shouts and laughter and the musical clink of glasses; through the uncurtained windows Stephen saw the groups of sheepmen and cowboys—dare-devil-looking fellows, but Stephen felt himself as much a dare-devil as any one that night. So when they entered the music hall, a large bare room connecting with the Crystal Bar, he needed no urging to seat himself at the piano; he sang that sweet ditty whereof the chorus runs:

"You can kiss, you can squeeze,
Just as much as you please,
When you're out in my automobile."

It was a chorus quickly learned and instantly popular. After this, with an increasing audience, followed "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," and "Waiting at the Church," both received with urgent applause; and then Dixon came up to Stephen.

"Kim," he said with grateful emotion, "you've got going the best show of the year; and say—I want you to meet these folks; they're just crazy to shake hands with you."

It actually seemed as if they were. There were several young women in the audience, among them Polly, who had adorned her untidy blond locks with a hat from which protruded a red feather. She came up to Stephen and, pouting, offered him her hand. Rightly he regarded this as one of the most marked tokens of favor that he had received.

In from the Crystal Bar tables were being borne; they were turned upon their sides in the middle of the floor and arranged to form a pen about twelve feet long. Then some one shouted:

"Here's Barney and his dog!"

While the dog, a lean bull-terrier, sat on the floor and scratched its head with a hind paw, the men and girls gathered round for an examination.

"Pretty fit," said Barney, "pretty fit. Badger showed up yet?"

"They'll have him here in a few minutes," Dixon answered.

"Can't get him here too quick to suit Tad. He's just about hungry for another bite of badger. Nigh three months, ain't it, since we had that last killin'?"

"All o' that," said Busy Pete. "Gol dang it, 'twas some time back about New Year's."

"Meanwhile, fleas seems to occupy him tolerably contented," observed Cactus Sam.

"He's a cool fighter—don't worry himself none before goin' into battle—takes it calm," Barney said with pride.

"Maybe he don't appreciate what he's in for," ventured Alkali Ike.

"Don't you believe it. That dog understands everything that's said before him. He knows just as well as you or me that he's here to have a go at a badger—but he's calm—calm."

There entered two men bearing a packing box. "Here comes the badger!" shouted Cactus Sam.

Barney bundled his dog into the pit.

"Easy now, easy! Don't excite the dog too soon!" cautioned Dixon. The bearers of the badger, of whom one was Daniel Connor, the station agent, made their way up to the pit.

"Easy, Dan! Gently, Hot Tooth!" said Dixon. Stephen thought he could not have heard aright, but the name was repeated, and he concluded it was derived from the man's protuberant dental display. "Set it down at the farther end."

"Gorry, but he's the cool dog," Barney exclaimed,

with his hand on Tad's collar. The crowd gathered close about the pen.

"Five dollars at five to four on the dog!" shouted Barney.

"Four on the badger!" cried Cactus Sam.

Dixon climbed on a table overlooking the pit and held up his hand. "Gentlemen, the bets are all made; no betting after the animals are brought in. I will ask Mr. Dave Carroll to step inside the pit and pull out the badger."

A red-haired man vaulted over into the pen and seized the bit of rope which protruded from a hole at the end of the box.

"I will count slowly one—two—three," said Dixon. "When I say three raise the lid and pull out the badger."



"You son of a gun," said Dixon. "It's on me."

"Now then, old boy," said Barney. "Rats, Tad, rats! Sick 'em, sick 'em!"

The dog started alert.

"One—two—"

"Say, hold on a minute!" Cactus Sam cried out earnestly. "I kick at Carroll's pullin' the badger. He's got money up on the dog."

"That so, Dave?" Dixon asked.

"Yep, that's right."

"Well, as long as any party objects, you'll have to withdraw. Who is there that hasn't got a bet up on either dog or badger?"

He looked around inquiringly.

"What, nobody? Maybe one of the ladies would oblige. Pearl Duff could do a neat job."

"I got a bet up with Polly," said the most buxom of the young women, giggling.

"Well, well! Girls, I am surprised! My friend Kim here—I guess he hasn't been drawn into the gambling; I wonder if he'd officiate?"

"If you'll tell me what to do," said Stephen.

"Come along in," said Carroll. "Now then, grip this rope in your right hand and take this string in your left. When he counts three, jerk up the string; that lifts the slide at the end of the box; and when the slide's off yank the rope, haul out the badger, and jump like lightning—so as not to get mixed up in the scrap."

"I see," said Stephen. And Carroll left him alone in the pen. The men crowded closer, the girls climbed up on chairs. Stephen stooped ready for the signal.

"One—two—"

"What in the devil's name is this?" roared a voice from the front of the room, and some one entered with pounding boots. The girls on the chairs screamed; Pearl Duff lost her balance and toppled to the floor.

The men turned, growling angrily. "Hell's bells! Do you think you fellows can carry on this way without a license? By Godfrey, while I'm sheriff the law is a-going to be obeyed."

A man more than six feet tall, with a drooping black mustache and a fierce frown, with one hand resting truculently on the butt of his revolver and a long hunting knife thrust in his belt, pushed through the crowd, seized one of the enclosing tables, and sent it skidding across the floor. Then he grasped Stephen's shoulder, swung him round and gazed at him with a terrible face.

"Oh, now, Sheriff, look here," urged Dixon. He came up and put his hand on the sheriff's arm. "Don't spoil the fun. It's just a little go between a badger and Barney's dog. There's not a drunk in the place. It's just a badger and Barney's dog—a miserable, low-lived brute that would be a good riddance—"

"Say, look a-here, you mind what you're a-sayin'," broke in Barney, fiercely. "I don't stand for no such talk as that about Tad."

"Oh, if it's your dog, Barney," roared the Sheriff, "I won't interfere. Anything to get that blamed cur chewed up. But say, Dixon, who's this fellow here that's going to pull the badger?"

"That's a gentleman who's just struck town from the East—buying wool for Morse & Blodgett."

"Why do you pick out an Eastern amachoor to spoil the game? Ain't there lots of fellows of experience?"

"All of 'em have money up, and wanted somebody that wasn't interested. If you'd do it yourself, Sheriff—"

"Not me. I'll wink at violation of the law, but I won't take no part in it. But I hate to see a good game spoiled by an Eastern amachoor."

The table that had been despatched to the other side of the room was quickly rushed back into place. Dixon mounted again to his post, and Stephen grasped the rope and the string.

"Sick 'em, Tad, sick 'em," muttered Barney.

"One—two—three!"

Stephen jerked up the slide, yanked hard on the rope, and simultaneously leaped for the barrier. As he went over his foot caught and precipitated him against the chair on which Polly and Pearl were standing in affectionate embrace. There was a shrieking, smashing collapse, with Stephen at the bottom. A roar of laughter stunned his ears.

"I hope no one's hurt," Stephen's muffled voice ejaculated from the depths. "I beg your pardon."

"Silly ass!" said Pearl Duff, giving him a poke in the neck.

"Silly ass!" said Polly, jabbing him in the side.

Sagebrush Joe and Warty Wallace freed Stephen from his encumbrances; bruised, bewildered, yet keen for the raging combat, he sprang to his feet. They were all laughing at him; the men were pounding one another on the back, and there in the pen Tad was barking, excited by the tumult; and an iron kettle attached to a bit of rope reposed upon its side. Stephen took off his spectacles, wiped them meditatively with his handkerchief, and readjusted them. Then he raised his head.

"That is the best one I ever had played on me," he acknowledged. "I invite you all to join me at the bar."

Some time later in the evening, with Dixon playing a ragged accompaniment, Stephen undertook a *pas seul* before a hilarious and uncritical audience. He felt astonishingly nimble and capable of graceful movement—with his left shoulder shrugged up about his ear and his head cocked over to the left, with his arms bowed out at his sides and a bland and dreamy smile upon his face.

"He'll be a member of the Down and Out Club tomorrow," predicted McCabe.

But Stephen's recuperative powers had frequently been tested at college, where they were regarded as notable. In this crisis they had not deserted him; he was abroad the next morning, and his appearance was not more scholarly or ascetic than usual. His cheerful health won for him some surprised grunts from the decrepit persons who sat in the shade of the saloon porches with their backs against the wall and their heads sagging glumly between their drawn-up knees.

At the end of this first day most of the wool growers with whom Stephen had negotiated were amused, puzzled, and mildly disappointed.

"Oh, come now," he had expostulated with Dixon—who, it appeared, was the manager of the largest sheep ranch in the neighborhood—"of course I know I'm green, but don't rub it in by asking me to pay any such price as that. I expect to get pretty well skun—but it's only tactful to let me *think* I'm making a trade. Why, you hurt my feelings, Mr. Dixon; of course you showed

me last night that I'm a mark; but do I honestly seem such a mark?"

Behind his spectacles his eyes were twinkling; Dixon regarded him gravely.

"Kim," he said, "I named you better than I knew. You're a smart little trader. Now we'll talk business—real business."

With his pathetic admission of defenselessness and his appeal to their better natures, Stephen "jollied" the sheepmen. So, after three profitable days, he prepared to depart and glean in other fields.

"You fellows have been mighty good to this tenderfoot," he said when he was bidding farewell to Dixon, McCabe, and the station agent. "But I tell you what—I'd like to see that badger trick played on somebody else."

"That," said Dixon, "could be arranged. We don't have much else to think about but that kind of thing." "I'll be going back East in six weeks," said Stephen. "And I'll stop off."

"I'll guarantee a victim," said Dixon.

In six weeks Stephen, returning East, disembarked again at Sonora Heights. Again were Dixon, McCabe, and the station agent meditatively awaiting him.

"We've got one," said Dixon. "He's not an Easterner—but he's green all right. He was the best we could do."

"He's nothing but a mut from Sweden," said McCabe. "Just a mut. And," he added with a melancholy sigh, "he ain't setting up the drinks."

"Come with me," said Stephen.

In the Palace bar Busy Pete, Cactus Sam, Sagebrush Joe, Alkali Ike, Warty Wallace, Mayonnaise Jim, and Hot Tooth Ben gave Stephen a warm welcome. They indulged in reminiscence of their first meeting and hilarious anticipation for the evening's entertainment.

"There's only one thing, Kim," Dixon said rather reluctantly. "The sheriff's a crusty sort of fellow and won't play the game unless he's fixed—five dollars. And then there's the rent of the music hall—ten dollars. Ever since you left us we folks that depend on our wool for a living have been feeling kind of pinched."

"Well," said Stephen, "I'm willing to split the expenses."

"Always the trader, eh? Well, if that's the best you can do—I tell you what," cried Dixon, with sudden inspiration, turning to the others. "We'll have Kim run this show. It'll be more fun for him; and he's a good speechmaker."

"Sure thing!" cried McCabe.

Stephen was delighted. "But won't he suspect it's a game if you let a stranger run the show?"

"Wait till you see him; he'll suspect nothing," said Dixon.

Shouts and laughter outside in the street brought the plotters to the door. A large, clumsy man, over six feet in height, was slowly approaching, pursued by facetious cries from a group a little farther down the road. He was grinning foolishly, though amiably; a small, narrow-brimmed, ancient straw hat, perched upon his large head, made him especially ridiculous. Beneath the hat, in a bang across his forehead and in a straight-clipped fall behind his ears, hung his flaxen hair. A good-natured, stupid, sleepy-eyed Swede he obviously was; he made a diffident entrance into the Palace bar-room, murmuring as he entered: "Ay tank ay haf some beer."

"Blew in here a week ago and got a job on Fowler's ranch," Dixon explained to Stephen.

"Ay tank ay haf some beer, too," said Busy Pete up at the bar.

"Beer iss goot," observed the beaming Swede.

"Ay tank so, Oleson," said Cactus Sam. "Bill, give me a beer to drink with Oleson."

"Ay pay yoost for mine own beer," the Swede said cautiously.

"What?" shouted Busy Pete. "You ain't invitin' us to drink with you?"

"Ay pay yoost for mine own beer," repeated the Swede.

"Oh, slush!" Busy Pete and Cactus Sam strode out of the bar-room in disgust; the others followed.

"You see what he is," said Dixon despondently. "It's almost a shame. But he's the best we could produce. Shall we go and fix the sheriff?"

But as they were starting, Connor, the station agent, came up with an inquiry, and when he heard their purpose exclaimed: "That's no good. Jake was wired for; a Greaser shot at Perry's Pass—and Jake lit out on the 4:12 train."

"Thunder!"

"I tell you what!" cried Stephen. "You play the sheriff, Dixon. He won't know you're not the real thing."

"Perhaps not," admitted Dixon. "All right; I'll rig up for the part."

That evening the music hall drew as large an audience as it had done six weeks before. The ladies, in-

cluding Polly, attended and stood on chairs. Barney was there with his dog; Warty Wallace and Hot Tooth Ben brought in the badger. The Swede at this point gave gratifying indications of interest and forced himself into the front row about the pen.

From the table Stephen delivered a masterly address. In the end he appointed Dave Carroll to pull the badger; and when Dave was protested by Cactus Sam, Stephen appealed to the girls, to Pearl Duff—but without avail. Then he asked if Mr. Oleson would oblige. The Swede was as willing as a child; Carroll gave him comprehensive instructions. Then in strode Dixon and threatened to stop the proceedings. Stephen's persuasions, however, quieted the deputy sheriff's opposition, and once more the Swede stooped to perform his task. "When I say three, pull," Stephen admonished him. "One—two—three!"

Up flew the slide, out tumbled the iron pot. The derided Swede stared at it with stupefaction. Then in a moment he developed a terrifying rage. He overthrew a table; his arms shot up above his head, his fists were clenched and quivering, his face was red, and he shook in a horrid silence, as if on the verge of a fit. So terrible did he look that the laughter was hushed, the girls shrank back in affright, and Stephen, who had descended from his table, stood astounded. Then speech came, in a roar:

"Ay tank you haf made of me de fool! Ay tank it iss you!" He swung round upon Stephen: "Und, by Gott, I will keel you!"

His hand dropped, there was a rush of men toward him, but he was too quick; a revolver blazed in Stephen's face. Stephen thought the tip of his ear was gone; he turned and ran. But men and girls were jamming, panic-stricken, in the doorway; Stephen glanced over his shoulder and saw the big Swede break loose from Sagebrush Joe and Mayonnaise Jim, and, brandishing the revolver, bear down in pursuit. Then Stephen darted across the room and scrambled through an open window. As he picked himself up after the drop, the Swede put his head out of the window and blazed at him again. With a yell of terror Stephen ran, vaulted a back fence, ran, vaulted another fence, and then, hiding in a dark corner, raised a finger to his ear. It was not disfigured; he was marvelously uninjured. But in the music hall the shooting still continued; murder was being done.

Stephen heard men rushing by in the street, exclaiming, shouting incoherently; one loud utterance reached him with distinctness: "Scott! I wish I'd wore my gun!" Then in another moment the shooting was increased; shotguns and rifles had been brought into play; it sounded as if a pitched battle were going on. Wild yelling mingled with the rapid explosions; there were screams of women, and Stephen thought he heard maniac laughter.

Then there was solemn quiet.

"Killed him, I guess," muttered Stephen with a feeling of awe.

He crept out of his hiding-place, climbed the two fences and approached the window through which he had escaped. As he approached, he was shocked by a chorus of heartless laughter from within.

He peered through the window; smoke was thick and the air smelled of powder, but he saw no outstretched bodies, no wounded survivors. Polly and Pearl were coughing and laughing convulsively in each other's arms. In the middle of the room a big man with black hair was surrounded by a jubilant throng. He held in one hand a narrow-brimmed straw hat; in the other he displayed aloft a flaxen wig—and Stephen recognized in him, despite his lack of a mustache, despite his broad grin, the sheriff.

"Stung again!" murmured Stephen.

He withdrew over the back fences. His room was in the rear of the Palace Hotel and on the ground floor; the window was open and he entered unobserved. From his bag he took the bottle of red ink with which he carefully ruled and lined his cash book. Opening his coat, he stretched himself on his back on the bed and poured a third of the bottle out upon his white shirt-front. He poured more of the red ink on a handkerchief, which he bound around his head. He took off his collar and necktie and smeared red ink on his throat, and also on his hands.

Then he returned over the fences, poked his head through the window of the music hall while Dixon was playing the piano, and cried in a faint voice: "Help! For the love of heaven, help!" His eyes closed, his head sank forward.

There were shrieks from the girls, exclamations from the men, and the music stopped.

"For God's sake!" Stephen heard Dixon's voice, alarmed, startled. The next instant he felt himself being dragged through the window. He fell limp into arms that laid him gently upon the floor.

He knew that they were bending over him. He opened his eyes and looked up into Dixon's face.

"Dixon," he said, "shall we join in setting up the crowd?"

Dixon slowly stroked his mustache while the crowd howled.

"You son of a gun!" said Dixon. "No, we will not join. It is on me."

Now for an hour and a half there was mad revelry in the music hall and in the adjoining Crystal Bar. There was dancing and music and singing, in all of which Stephen bore an appropriate and admired part. At about ten o'clock the station agent entered—heartyly disgusted because he had missed the show. The Trans-

continental Express going west, due at five in the afternoon, had been five hours late, and Connor had been detained at the wire until its arrival.

"But there's an old guy got off, madder than I am," he said to Dixon. "Old guy that wanted to make connections here with the Mexican Northern, and is sore as a crab because he's got to spend the night. I told him he'd better come round after he'd put up at the Palace. Say, who'll do a cakewalk? I'll bang the box."

Polly accepted Stephen as a partner. With his bloody bandaged head, his bloody shirt-front, his bloody, collarless neck, Stephen gave a lurid exposition of the untutored dance, and Polly floated and flaunted up and down with a slightly alcoholic abandon.

Now in the midst of this performance a correctly dressed old gentleman, with neat gray side-whiskers, appeared in the doorway. Rounding a corner, Stephen saw him. And if it had not been for the red ink bespattered on his face, Stephen would have turned white.

"Dixon!" In a hoarse whisper he summoned his friend, and talked with him jerkily while he danced. "That old man in the doorway is Morse—of Morse & Blodgett. Where the deuce he's from—if he sees me, I'm a dead one. Get him away, for the love of Mike."

"You keep on going," said Dixon. "I'll fix him."

He left Stephen and, unnoticed by the crowd, sauntered round to the old gentleman and engaged him in conversation.

Stephen cast anxious glances at the pair, endeavoring meanwhile to shield his face. They talked and talked; Dixon was evidently unable to lure the old gentleman away. And after a while, when Stephen and Polly were both exhausted, Dixon came up to them.

"Old man wants to see you," he said.

Stephen's heart sank. "He recognized me, then?"

"No," said Dixon. "I told him."

"A nice joke!" said Stephen bitterly. "I thought better of you than that."

Dixon shrugged his shoulders. "I just can't help joking."

As he moved down the hall, Stephen was beset by Busy Pete, Cactus Sam, Pearl Duff, and other friends who wanted to express their approval of his performance.

"Just stand aside, boys," said Dixon. "There's a visitor out there come to see him. No, you needn't tag after him, either. We'll all whoop it up round the box. Hit her up, Danny—My Mother's Little Old Red Shawl."

They swarmed round the piano, for they loved bathos; and while the chorus swelled, Mr. Morse looked gravely at Stephen.

"I shouldn't have known you," he said.

"I hoped you wouldn't," Stephen answered. "And I may say, sir, that your appearance here is so unexpected as to be almost unfair."

A frosty smile shone on the old gentleman's face.

"If you demand an explanation—I had to make a sudden business trip to Mexico—missed my connections here and am hung up for the night. I'm not altogether sorry, for it's enabled me to meet for the first time a man with whom we've had dealings and for whom our house has the highest respect: the gentleman who gave you my message—who is now leading this barbarous song."

"Mr. Dixon?"

"Yes—the manager of the Brinton ranch. A few words of his illuminated for me your surprising success on this trip—I will own, Mr. Kimball, that it has been surprising."

"Oh, has it?" cried Stephen. "Has it really? I'm so glad!"

In spite of bandage and stains the young man's face the old man's eyes noted it

glowed with joy, and

and grew kind.

"Perhaps I failed to realize that talents and accomplishments of even a low order may be usefully employed," he said. "You are well thought of here, Mr. Kimball." His eyes strayed, half amused, half wistful, over to the picturesque and bawling crowd. "I'm a little old for this kind of merry-making myself—and so, to tell you the truth, is Mr. Roberts. We can use him in the office after this. Glad to have had this glimpse of you. Good-by." He patted Stephen on the back and turned away.

Stephen stood, transfixed. Promotion! A real wool buyer—himself! The kind old thing! He winked unaccountable moisture out of his eyes:

"That little old red shawl, That little old red shawl, My mother was—a—o—re."

They were stretching out that last note most lugubriously. But when they had finished, Stephen was there, at Dixon's elbow, turning on him his joyous, spectacled eyes. "It's no use, Dixon," he said. "It's on me—always on me. Come on, fellows!"



"I shouldn't have"



"known you," he said

What the World is Doing

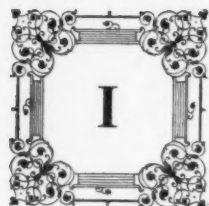
A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



Why 1907 is Not Another 1893



IN ITS surface aspects the panic of 1907 ranks well up with the great panic of 1893. The temporary strain on credit has been as acute, the currency famine has been as sharp, the fall in stocks has been as pronounced, the scramble for foreign gold has been more eager, or at least more effective, and the Government's relief measures have been as extraordinary. The engagements of gold for import reached the unprecedented figure of seventy million dollars within three weeks. Finally the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, decided to issue two per cent Panama Canal bonds to the amount of fifty millions and three per cent one-year exchequer notes to the extent of a hundred millions if necessary. These securities were to be used as the basis of additional bank circulation, and the proceeds of the notes were to be deposited wherever the greatest need existed, especially in the South and West, where more money was required to move the crops. The increase of the national debt, at a time when there is a vast surplus in the Treasury and we ought to be clearing off our obligations, is part of the price we pay for our shiftlessness in refusing to mend the leaks in our financial roof until after it began to rain.

All these things indicate that the temporary currency pinch has been as sharp this year as it was fourteen years ago. But that is far from implying that it will be followed by similar consequences. A millionaire who finds himself on a street car without his purse may be as much embarrassed for the moment as if he did not own a purse, but his distress will end sooner. In his letter to Secretary Cortelyou approving the emergency relief measures President Roosevelt said: "There is no analogy at all with the way things were in 1893." How true that is a few comparisons will show.

In 1893 the fundamental question of the national standard of value was unsettled. As long as that remained in doubt there could be no return of confidence. When the panic came we were buying silver to the extent of 4,500,000 ounces a month and inflating the currency each month with a corresponding amount of paper, nominally resting on that silver bullion, but actually a liability against our shrinking stock of gold. The closing of the Indian mints suddenly cut down the price of silver and destroyed the hope that we might induce other nations to join us in propping up our limping monetary system. And still we kept on buying and issuing paper for months, and when Congress finally decided to take the Treasury out of the silver market a great part of the nation refused to accept the decision and we had to go through a campaign three years long whose purpose on one side was to throw open our mints to the unchecked invasion of the silver of the world. At the beginning of that campaign a bipartisan majority of the United States Senate was in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and there was hardly a politician in either party who dared to use the words "gold standard."

The contrast between the Government's position

in the period following the panic of 1893 and its position now is but dimly suggested by President Roosevelt's reminder that on November 30, 1893, the Treasury held only \$161,000,000 in gold, while on November 14 of this year it held \$904,000,000. That the national holdings of gold have increased

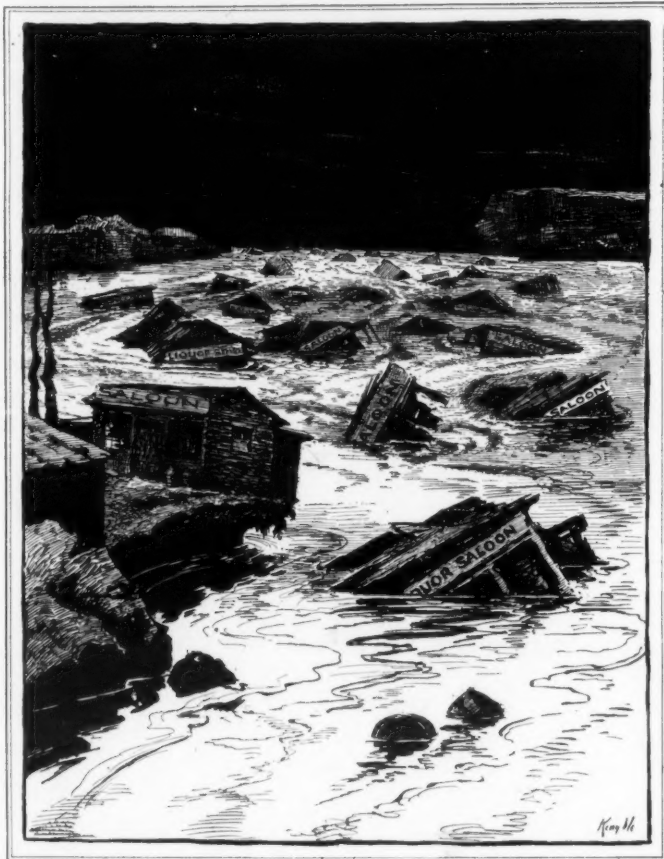
turbing to business if all hands had united to make it as harmful as possible. The country had voted in 1892 for tariff reform, and quick, decisive action at an extra session of Congress in the spring of 1893 would have put our industries on a healthy basis with a minimum of unsettlement. But the

matter was allowed to drag; nobody knew when anything would be done or what the action would be; manufacturers were afraid to buy taxed materials when their competitors, by waiting, might get them free; merchants would not lay in stocks of highly taxed goods when there was a prospect that the rates would be reduced, and the business of the country went on from hand to mouth. Things dragged on in this way all through the agony of the currency panic and the following year that ought to have been a time of recovery. The beaten protectionists recovered their courage; they beat the tom-toms of alarm in the ears of the already frightened business community, shouted that tariff reform would mean disaster, said that any settlement reached now would be upset as soon as they returned to power, and pointed to their victories in State elections as proof that this return would not be delayed. To make the shock to confidence complete the framers of the new tariff based their calculations of revenue in part on an income tax, and this was held up in the courts, with the result that the Government, already floundering in its currency embarrassments, had to struggle for years with a continuing deficit.

But for these special causes, which kept business in a state of unrest and uncertainty for four years, the effects of the panic of 1893 would probably have passed away, as those of the equally sharp panic of 1857 did, within six months. But even apart from these the country was in no such condition to cope with a depression as it is to-day. While our population has increased by only about one-third our wealth has nearly doubled. We have added something like fifty billions to the value of our property in these fourteen years. Our deposits in national banks and savings banks, which were a little over three billions in 1890, were more than seven and a half billions at the last returns. That is to say, the bank deposits alone would pay now for half of the entire railroad system of the United States. Our mines

produced gold to the amount of \$35,955,000 in 1893; their product went up to \$96,101,400 in 1906 and is expected to exceed a hundred millions this year. In the three years ending with 1893 we had sent away the entire product of our gold mines and had \$53,987,423 less gold in the country at the end of the period than at the beginning. In the three years ending with 1907 we have kept our entire domestic product of about \$282,000,000, and have added nearly \$82,000,000 of foreign gold. Instead of an export merchandise balance of \$223,704,572 in three years we have had one of \$1,364,780,302. Our discordant and experimental industries of 1893 have been harmonized and brought into close touch with the demands of the market. Our loose-jointed railroad systems, hastily flung over vast stretches of wilderness, have been rebuilt, with growing commonwealths about them.

We have been going ahead too fast, and it has become necessary to put on the brakes. But



THE RISING TIDE

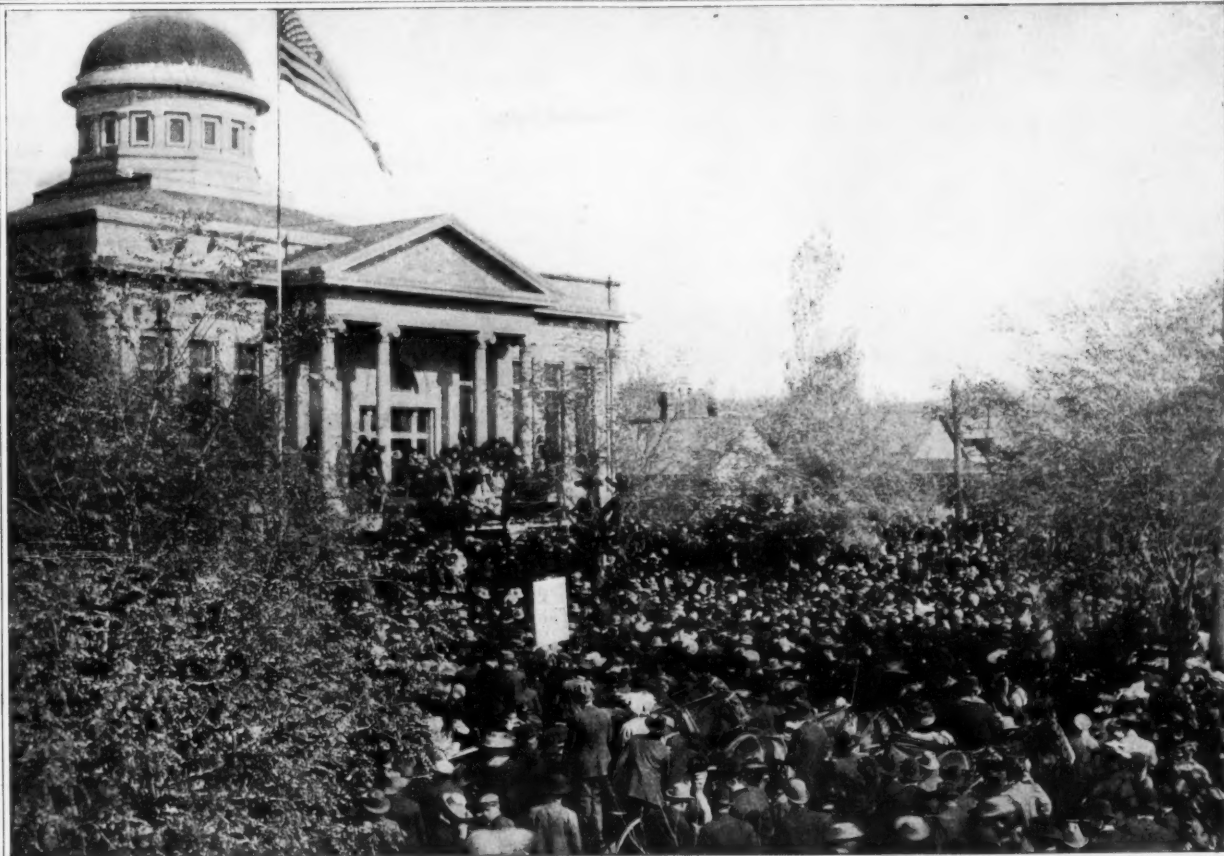
After a long period of stagnation or of retreat the anti-saloon forces seem at last to have found the way to victory. They take State prohibition when it comes in the course of nature, but they make their great advances through local action. Maine, Georgia, North Dakota, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Alabama have adopted State prohibition. In Mississippi, Tennessee, and North Carolina prohibition is almost complete, and it predominates in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, West Virginia, Florida, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Nebraska. One-third of the American people are living under prohibition.

nearly six times is a striking fact, but one still more striking is that now a strong Government of unquestioned credit is holding out a mighty arm for the support of business, while in 1893 a Government tottering on the verge of bankruptcy was leaning helplessly against a business structure only less feeble than itself. The difference may be realized if we can imagine Mr. Cortelyou going to Wall Street, not to bring help and courage to timid bankers, but to beg the distracted banks to strain their already overstrained resources in saving the Treasury from imminent insolvency. In 1907 we had a run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company—in 1893 we had a run on the Government, which was said at one time to be within a single day of a failure to redeem its notes. The difference in the importance, actual and sentimental, of the two institutions is a measure of the difference in the basic seriousness of the corresponding panics.

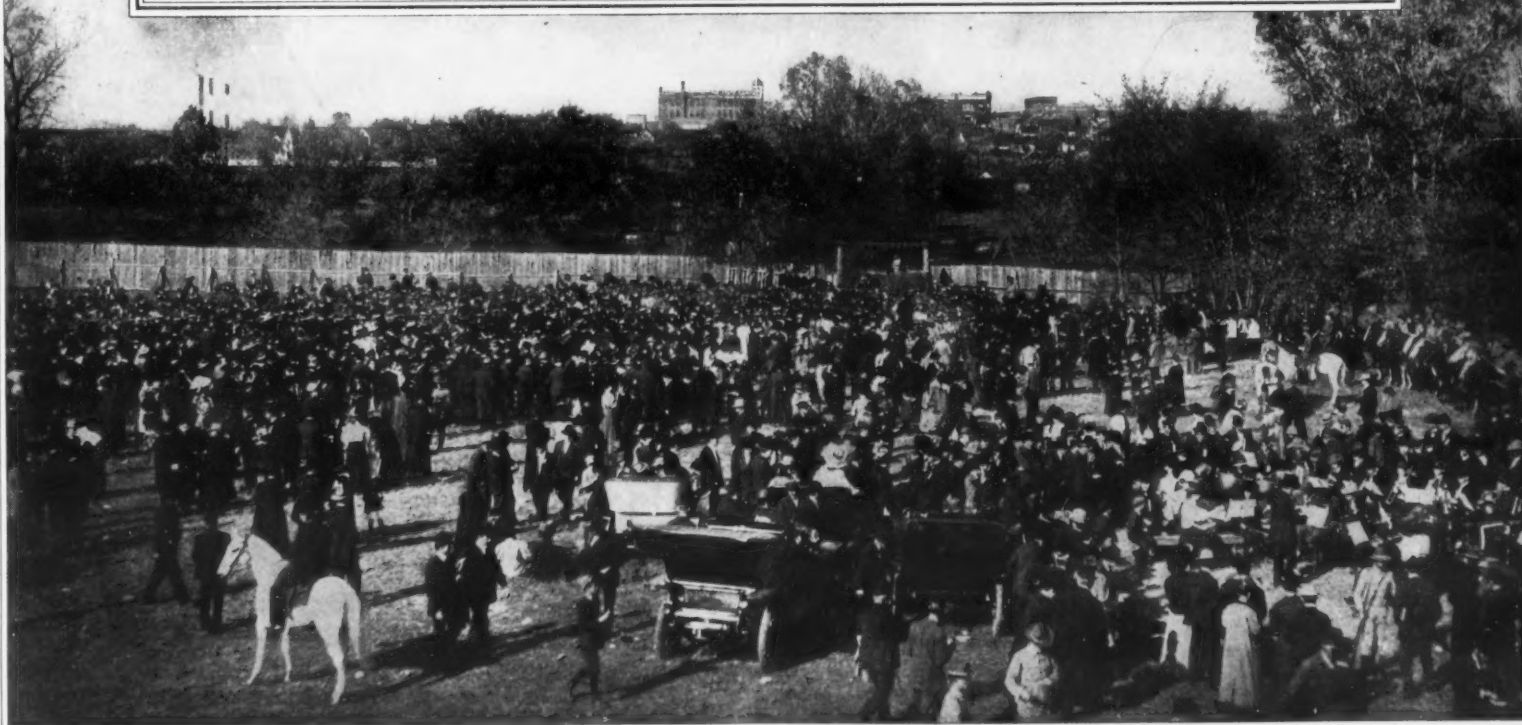
On top of the silver agitation came a tariff upheaval which could not have been more dis-



Scenes in Guthrie during the inauguration of C. N. Haskell as the first Governor of the new State of Oklahoma on November 16. At the left, Oklahoma Avenue; in the centre, a crowd at the barbecue in Island Park after the ceremonies; and, at the right, a girls' band returning from the inauguration exercises



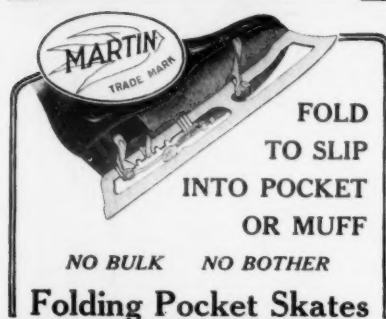
During the inauguration ceremonies at the Carnegie Library. Oklahoma has no State House



The Governor and other State officials at Island Park, where the barbecue feast was served after the inauguration

Inaugurating Oklahoma's Governor

XMAS SUGGESTIONS

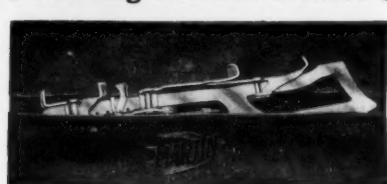


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Our National Heritage

President Roosevelt tries to check its dissipation

IN accordance with his intimation at Memphis, President Roosevelt has issued invitations for a national conference on the preservation of our national resources. The Governors of all the States and Territories are asked to meet with the President at the White House on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May. The members of the Inland Waterways Commission will be present and the Senators and Representatives in Congress are to be invited to attend the sessions as far as their duties will permit. The actual conditions are to be described by experts.

While this gathering will come too late to have much effect upon legislation in the first session of the Sixtieth Congress, it can hardly fail to be a potent educator of public sentiment. The results may be seen in the following session of Congress, and a still more useful effect should be the enlightenment of a number of men, prominent in the local politics of a number of States, who are now wedded to the idea that "progress" and "enterprise" consist in skinning the land with such furious speed and thoroughness that nothing will be left for posterity or even for ourselves fifteen or twenty years hence.

Studies in Characterization

How editors in Nevada express differences of opinion

FOR the confusion of those pessimists who fear that the art of expression is becoming extinct in our hothouse civilization, the accompanying paragraphs are confidently submitted. They were evoked by the suggestion that if Nevada should tire of carrying the load of a State government she might find relief by sharing it with California and Utah.

The Reno "Reveille" observes with a trace of asperity that the editor of COLLIER'S "seems to have overlooked the fact that he has a fruitful field at home—that he dwells in the rottenest, most corrupt, most morally degenerate, most financially unreliable, most politically dishonest, most municipally dishonorable, most God-abandoned, mammon-ridden, shame-forsaken, den of thieves, refuge of grafters, temple of sin, altar of crime, monument of depravity ever witnessed on the footstool of the Almighty since Sodom and Gomorrah were swept from the face of the earth, and left an example that no city known in history has since dared to imitate, until New York came to the front with an ambition to surpass it, and succeeded beyond her fondest expectations."

One learns from the "Nevada State Herald" that COLLIER'S is a "self-styled literary publication, a subsidized sheet of Wall Street, an organ of the plutocrats, a butter-in of the first water, with a self-imposed license to 'knock' every one and everything that it happens to form a dislike for, irrespective of decency or conditions." This "servile sheet" has "spasmodically maligned the fair name of Nevada; it has concocted all kinds of nefarious schemes to rob the State of its Statehood. Lying, vilification, and blackmail, used in connection with a besmirched and dirty hammer, have been the weapons employed in its filthy, weak attempt to belittle Nevada, a State that asks no favor, has no fear of COLLIER'S and its motley crowd of buttinsky editors." But beware! "Nevada will retain her present form upon the map long after the batter-brained carcasses of the controllers of COLLIER'S are faded into dust."

In a burst of inspiration the Ely "News" suggests that COLLIER'S should be termed "Collier's Weakly." The "News" suspects that it might embarrass COLLIER'S to be asked to "explain its reasons for warning in its sensational 'yellow' scare-head special articles against purchasing mining stocks, or making any investments in mining stocks or properties."

The Tonopah "Bonanza" unmasks the devilish purposes of COLLIER'S. This "measly sheet" is acting "in the interests of Wall Street, where the people have been robbed so long on fake industrials" that they have turned to the West for legitimate investment. But the Wall Street conspiracy will be foiled. "The spirit of speculation is too strong on the people of the country to keep them away from a good thing. They are bound to gamble, and they will turn to Nevada, as the magnet turns to the lodestone."

Immigrants Going Home

Eastbound steamships sail with full steerages

IF no financial statistics should survive, the future historian would be able to trace the periods of good and bad times in this country with perfect accuracy by the volume of immigration. Prosperity always brings the workers of Europe in swarms to our shores. Adversity checks the stream and sets up a counter current. Those who have feared the effect upon our national life of the tremendous alien influx of the past few years may find some compensation for dull times in the slackening of this invasion.

Not merely is it evident that fewer foreigners are going to come here, but many of those who are already here are going back. There is always a considerable returning movement to Europe which makes the net immigration a good deal smaller than it seems to be on its face, but this back current is swelling now to unprecedented dimensions. Twelve steamers sailing from New York within a month have taken over a thousand third-class passengers each and five of them are taking over two thousand apiece. The figures of the steamship companies show that 341,368 steerage passengers sailed for Europe from the Atlantic seaboard of the United States and Canada in the year of 1906, and it is estimated that the figures for 1907 will reach at least half a million. That reduces the net immigration to a much more manageable figure than the gross returns would indicate. It is considerably easier to take care of three-quarters of a million aliens than of a million and a quarter. The prospect of their early assimilation is much improved.

Italian laborers form an especially large proportion of the returning

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immigrants. They think that the coming winter will be more comfortable in Italy than here. Their reports are expected to have a great influence upon their friends at home, and in consequence it is believed that even a revival of prosperity in the spring will not at once restore Italian immigration to its recent height.

The Impending Timber Famine

Are we to have a treeless land in twenty-five years?

AFTER careful investigation the Forest Service allows us twenty years, with a possible extension of five more, for the exhaustion of our timber supply. It holds out no hope that any measures the Government can now take can avert this calamity. We can guard the trees on the existing forest reserves, and we can plant new ones, but before the new crop reaches maturity the famine will be at hand. Four-fifths of the timber lands of the country, including practically all those east of the Mississippi, are in private hands. Nothing the Government can do, short of purchasing on an enormous scale, can check the devastation of those areas.

Of course the predicted timber famine need not be permanent. If we go at the work of reforestation in earnest we can have growing crops of trees at the end of a quarter of a century that will hold out the promise of an early satisfaction of all our legitimate needs. And the prediction of any shortage at all is based upon the assumption that we shall continue our present criminal waste as long as we have any forests left to devastate. But there is no reason why we should do that. Our frightful waste from fire is almost entirely preventable. We are using between six and seven times as much timber per head of our population as is used in Europe, and if the people of Europe can get along on their moderate supply we could do the same if we had to. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 the amount of lumber cut from our forests increased nearly twice as fast as the population; that is to say, each American was using nearly twice as much in 1900 as he had used twenty years earlier. The change should have been in the other direction. As the country became settled and stone, brick, tiles, and steel took the place of wood in building construction, while coal and gas replaced it for fuel, we ought to have been able to get along with less wood than before. The manufacture of paper is a frightful devastator of the forests, but it ought to be possible to find substitutes for full-grown trees in that industry. Pulp material might conceivably be grown in annual crops.

One thing our governments, national and State, certainly can do is to stop their present offerings of premiums on forest destruction. They might even reverse their policy and offer bounties for forest cultivation. At present, in most of the States, the owners of woodlands are heavily taxed every year not only on the value of their land, but on the value of the standing trees upon it. Many of them who would like to save the trees, at least until they grow larger, are compelled to cut them before their prime to relieve themselves of an unbearable burden of taxation.

The National Government pours out money for the preservation of our forests with one hand and with the other offers prizes through the tariff for their destruction. It fines every citizen who brings a board from abroad instead of cutting it from a tree at home. Finally it sells as agricultural land tracts on which nothing but trees will grow to advantage, allowing the second growth of timber to be destroyed in its infancy and securing impoverished farms instead of flourishing forests. These perversities have been vigorously dealt with by Mr. C. H. Goetz, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in a recent number of "Forestry and Irrigation."

If we are to have a timber famine in twenty-five years it will not be because it is inevitable even now, but because, after all the campaigns of education that have been waged, our people are still too indifferent to take the steps the emergency demands.

Hard Times and Wages

Capitalists and labor leaders hold different views

THE business depression is hurrying two opposing theories toward a conflict which is pretty certain to be sharp and may prove very serious. Ever since the first talk of hard times began to be heard, the view has been commonly expressed in financial circles that some slackening of production, involving especially a shrinkage in the cost of labor, would be not only necessary but desirable. It has been taken for granted that a decline of billions in the prices of securities since the beginning of the year would be followed in due time by a corresponding decline in wages, and financiers have said that this would be a necessary and wholesome economy, enabling our overtaxed capital to catch up again with the demands upon it.

But this theory is not accepted by labor. It takes precisely the opposite view. It holds that the way to check the depression is to keep wages up and so maintain the purchasing power of the people. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has repeatedly urged the unions not to accept reductions in wages under any circumstances. In the annual convention of the Federation at Norfolk he vehemently proclaimed this principle. "Not in the history of all our country," he said, "has there been what has been termed a shrinkage of values so great as in the few months past. The shrinkage occurred not upon actual, tangible values, but upon inflated or watered stocks, which in the financial vernacular are termed 'values.' In former periods when shrinkage of inflated values transpired, its general influence upon industry was almost immediately to affect the real values of production, which in turn were forced upon the toilers in the form of reductions of wages, bringing in their wake an industrial crisis and panic.

"It is due to the determined and clean-cut policy of labor of our country that our princes of finance, despite their machinations, could not influence employers of labor to hazard an attempt at wage reductions. If all labor will unflinchingly adhere to the determination to resist any and all reductions in wages, we shall not only avoid the misery, poverty, and calamity of the past, but we shall teach financiers, employers, and economists in general a new philosophy of life and industry, the magnificent and humane influences of which will live for all time."

Thus the issue is sharply defined. "Wages are an expense," says one

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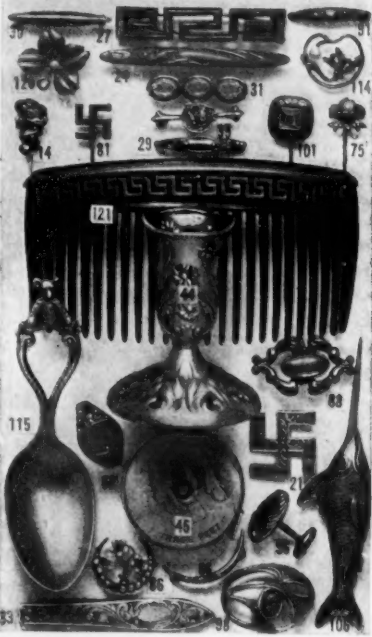
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theory, "and in times of depression expenses must be cut down." "Workmen are consumers," says the other, "and the way to make business active is to give consumers the means to buy goods." The test of these two theories is at hand.

A Growl from the Canal Zone

Some workers think all is not lovely

AS against the officials who live there and know all about it, the flitting tourist critics of the conditions along the Panama Canal are at a disadvantage. Occasionally, however, an insider emits a growl which conveys the impression that to some, at least, of the canal workers life on the Isthmus is not one grand, sweet song. Such a worker writes a letter to COLLIER'S, which appears of interest as an exhibit on that side of the case. It betrays a little confusion between the views of COLLIER'S and those that were impartially recorded in these columns, but that is a small matter. It runs:

"COLON, R. DE P., November 1, 1907.

"Editor COLLIER'S:

"Quoting from your issue of the 10th ult.:

"The drinking water in Colon is bad, but, in other respects, the Canal is doing very well." And, in another paragraph, you tell us in the same breath with 'bad water' that the 'hospitals are splendidly equipped and you can get all the quinine you want at every meal.'

"Could there have been more cold-blooded, inhuman remarks than the above? Let me give you my interpretation of it. 'The drinking water IS bad, but what does that matter? the greatest feat of the century, which, when finished, will robe the United States (and a few private individuals) in glory, IS DOING WELL. What does it matter if the thousands of workers, slaving under the tropical sun and rain, have to drink water with a most offensive and disagreeable odor?' (I suppose you would suggest that the men carry round distilling plants in their pockets.) 'What does it matter if all the tanks erected to catch pure rain-water are destroyed, under the pretense that they are mosquito breeders, but in reality to make more money for somebody? What does it matter if these men, driven to despair for something to drink, finally hunt the bar, and then—but it is necessary to follow the general run of all things? Of course, nobody is to blame for this but the men themselves.' I might mention that fully one-half of the fellows who are now 'boozers' never touched a drop of liquor before they came to the Isthmus of Panama.

"When you wrote that article, you undoubtedly had the Philippines in mind, that the value of a human life is not to be thought of, only as a minor item, so long as the end in view is obtained.

"If you have the welfare of the American citizen at heart, now is the time to open your columns and see where you can do as much good when the Government is at fault as when you are at work driving the 'patent medicine fraternity' or 'spook dealers' out of existence.

"Again. 'There are too many eggs for breakfast and they are too mature.' Sad, but true. However, I can't find mention made of anything but eggs. What about the rest of the food? Come to Colon, go to the Imperial Hotel (run by private individuals), and ask the numerous employees of the Panama Railroad Company whom you will find there, why they prefer it to the Washington, one of the Isthmian Canal Commission hotels, which costs them no more and is in the neighborhood of their work for their especial benefit. See if they only mention eggs.

"You read of the numerous boats chartered by the Government to bring down vegetables and fruits under cold storage, and the general impression created is that they are for the hotels of the Commission. Were you to come to Colon and get the regular meals, for ten months would you be fed, twice a day, the same kind of meat, one piece as tough as the other, a bit of potatoes, generally soggy, one or two side dishes, a conglomeration of unnamable matter, and bread that is stale. Appetizing, isn't it? What becomes of all these fruits and vegetables that are sent to the Isthmus? It's a dead, sure cinch they don't reach the tables that I have eaten at for the past ten months. That is a question that somebody ought to answer. It is up to you. Employees can't. Employers won't. Outsiders must.

"It is all right for you and other papers to write about it. Why don't you come down here and investigate? I don't believe that COLLIER'S looks at a dollar twice when it can do some good to humanity. Don't, however, come down here with a brass band to meet you at the dock. Don't send 'strictly private' messages to the hotel that you are going to eat your dinner at so they can be prepared to set before you the 'regular meal served to employees,' which, in reality, costs not thirty cents, but one dollar and fifty cents, which has been the case on several previous occasions when various officials have visited the Isthmus. Make a canvass of employees and see how many are in favor of paying a little more for the meals, if they can't get better grub at the present rate, though I'm willing to wager that if thirty cents in real money were expended on the meals of to-day, they would be far better than they are.

"An incident of yesterday at La Boca goes to show that Colon is not the only place suffering from bad meals. There it finally became so bad that a riot broke out at noon yesterday. Plates were the article of warfare. The manager, a German, who sits outside on the porch to collect the tickets, came rushing in and, throwing up his hands, gave the customary exclamation: 'Mine Gott in Himmel, Vat is the matter?' For answer he was bombarded from all sides. The last scene in the play was the Flying Dutchman brought to life.

"Have you noticed that the officials generally go to the Tivoli Hotel at Ancon, on the Pacific side, the St. Regis of the Isthmus? How often do they stay in Colon when they come? They reach here all right, but if a train is not leaving within the hour a special is, and they are quickly towed away from the 'danger point,' the place they really ought to stay at if they come down here to see anything. In March last a number of noted Senators paid a visit to the Isthmus. Within an hour a special was taking them across to the other side. To the Tivoli they went and there they stayed. When they returned, they hurried, or were hurried, from the train to the ship. WHY? The Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives is due here next Wednesday. See how many meals they eat at the Isthmian Canal Commission hotels—in Colon.

"Once more. 'One of the chief needs, Miss Beeks thinks, is a Coney Island for the men, who are suffering from the lack of amusement.' That covers it. Yes, indeed. It looks nice on paper, too. But I am sure we would be more content if our stomachs were satisfied first, and after that there is plenty of time to think of recreation and Coney Islands for diversions. One can't go out, you know, if one is hungry. But,

"The same old sun am shinin' in the same old blusterin' way,
Castin' down on earth its hotter, hottest ray;
A drop of rain comes shootin' long and drives the heat away,
The sun comes out, it rains like hell, the same thing every day,
And THAT is all there is down here, for that's the Isthmian Way."

Meanwhile the "Canal Record" presents every week an idyllic picture of life in the Canal Zone. The Isthmian Baseball League divides popular interest with bowling and football matches, the Zone is spangled with women's clubs which diffused an especially joyful radiance on Hallowe'en; there are dances and band concerts, and the Young Men's Christian Association gives minstrel performances and stereopticon shows. All is not gloom.

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The marvelous growth of Borden's Condensed Milk Company is due to unceasing vigilance in observing rigid sanitary regulations in the manufacture of their products. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) have received highest awards wherever exhibited.—Ado.

22

"Defeated by

trivialities," said a man of talent whose life had been a failure—and that mistake showed how he had made all the others.

Nothing is trivial that either defeats or conquers.

It is not trivial to use the right or wrong stationery any more than it is trivial to use the right or wrong words; to state your case clearly or to blunder.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is not generally used by men who make blunders; nor by men who forget that instant prejudice, or favorable impulse, is an important consideration.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts



The Smallest Watch Made in America

The Lady Elgin

Social requirements and the obligations of the home will be met promptly on time all the time if you place your dependence upon the Lady Elgin—a new Elgin for womankind.

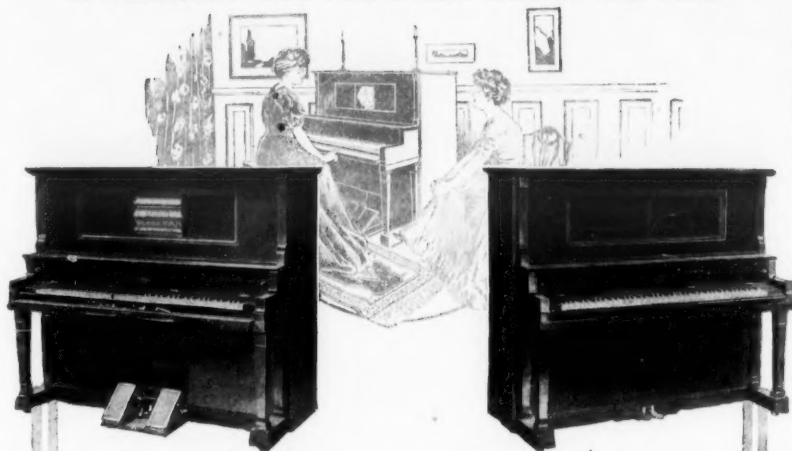
Illustration actual size of watch. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed; all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILL.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE ANGELUS PIANO

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR



CHOOSE what you will, no gift within your power of giving can add one-half so much to the joys of the coming Christmas as the ANGELUS PIANO. For all the household, young and old, on Christmas Day and every day throughout the year, the ANGELUS PIANO heralds a new era of enjoyment in your home.

Any one—musician or non-musician—**can play the ANGELUS PIANO.** It is an upright piano of the first grade with the world-famous Angelus piano-player incorporated within its case. The musician can play it by hand the same as any other piano, or if you are unfamiliar with the technique of music, you can play as well or even better by means of the Angelus.

Remember, the ANGELUS PIANO is the only instrument in the world equipped with the patented expression devices, the wonderful MELODANT and the famous phrasing Lever.

The MELODANT emphasizes the melody notes so that they come out clear and distinct above the accompaniment.

The Phrasing Lever provides you with absolute and instantaneous control of the time so that your music will not sound humdrum or mechanical.

Before investing in a piano—**FIRST SEE AND HEAR THE ANGELUS PIANO.** It can now be had on very easy terms in every important city in America. Write us to-day for descriptive literature and name of representative in your locality.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Established 1876

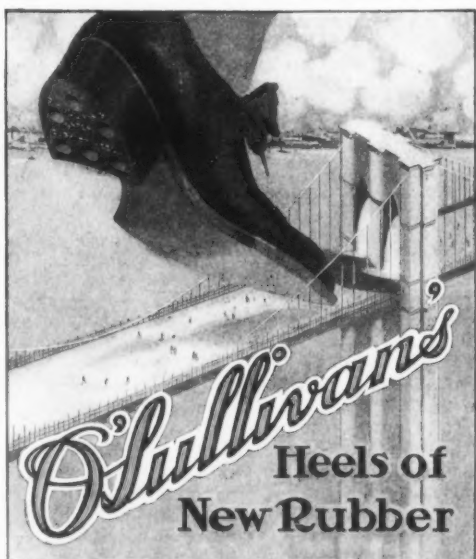
MERIDEN, CONN.

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

Exclusive in Quality



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here



The Bridge that spans the River of Life and the Heels of New Rubber that make life's burden easy to carry are illustrated here for your benefit. These Heels of New Rubber are a positive relief to all who walk or stand. Nurses are obliged to wear them in the sick room. If it is a fact that they make you step lighter and more buoyant and feel happier in mind and body, adopt them for your own benefit, but be sure and get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels that are made of new rubber. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of your heel to the manufacturers,

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Simpson-Crawford Co.—New York

Most Extraordinary Holiday Offer

This new Illustrated Chapman & Hall
Oxford University Edition of the

Complete Works of Charles Dickens

Published at \$40. Holiday Price \$22.50

20 volumes bound in handsome flexible leather

Tho in the past we have made exceptional book offers, we believe this to be the greatest holiday book proposition we have ever put before the public. No other author's works are so absolutely essential to a library as those of Dickens.

That we are in a position to offer this 20 volume Oxford University Edition of Dickens at \$22.50 comes about through arrangements with the publishers, giving us special privileges and practically exclusive rights to the entire edition for the holiday trade.

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Upwards of 700 illustrations by the Master Illustrators of Dickens; from the originals by Seymour, "Phiz," George Cruikshank, P. Walker, Sir Edwin Landseer, D. Maclise, John Leech, Marcus Stone, George Cattermole, S. Luke Fildes, R. G. Stanfield, J. Tenniel, as well as by Charles Green, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Harry Furniss, A. Jules Goodman, F. H. Townsend and others.

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of characters from Dickens by Frederick Barnard, the celebrated English artist.

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AN INCENTIVE TO PROMPTNESS we have decided to offer absolutely free of charge a **MAGNIFICENT ART PORTFOLIO** to each one of the first 200 whose orders reach us in time.

This portfolio contains 16 plates reproducing in duogravure famous Shakespearean pictures and photographs of views in the Shakespeare country. It would cost \$8.00 if bought in an art store. The plates are 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches in size, can be framed at small expense or just as they are, they will decorate and beautify your home. There are just 200 of these artistic treasures. Send your order promptly and you can obtain one free of cost.

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NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
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The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
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My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789.



Send for Our New Free Catalogue No. 41, which illustrates the different grades and finishes, from solid oak to solid mahogany, and offers many suggestions for building up the home or office library.

THE C. Q. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y. (Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.)
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Sectional Bookcases

are rapidly replacing the old-fashioned solid bookcases. They grow with your library—fit any space, and promote more comfort in the home than any other piece of furniture. Furnished with or without doors.

Per Section **\$1.00** and Upwards
FREIGHT PAID

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, and our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser. Shipped.

ON APPROVAL
The artistic appearance, solidity of construction, and practical features of this case have appealed to thousands of prominent users who have universally pronounced it

THE BEST

A CORRECTION

In the advertisement of the Edwin Cigar Co. of New York which appeared in the October 12th issue of Collier's Weekly, a typographical error was made. The date on which their extraordinary cigar offer expires was given as November 12th, although the Edwin Cigar Co. desire to make the offer hold good up to and including December 20th, in order to give those readers of Collier's who wish to secure cigars for Christmas gifts, the opportunity to avail themselves of this offer. The offer in brief is, 100 Key West Havana Seconds for \$1.90 and FREE with every hundred, a box of Old Fashioned Havana Smokers, to introduce a new method of cigar selling—from factory direct to smoker.

If you have not kept the issue referred to, we wish that you would write to the Edwin Cigar Co., 64-68 West 125th St., New York, who will send you a copy of the advertisement as it appeared.

Compare with others—convince yourself that

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

is the best shaving soap on the market.

Send 4 cts. for a trial stick in nickeled box.

(Enough for a month's shaving)

Colgate & Co., Dept. W
55 John St., New York City



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POLITIX

That's never Tame

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

POLITIX, 32 cards, each representing a state, 4 suits, instead of hearts, diamonds, etc. 4 political parties, denoted by the regular party emblem. Keeps you busy, interested, excited. Every game played is a presidential election. The combinations are unlimited and surprising. No house should be without this great game. 50c. post-paid. Circular free. **MILLER & GOULD, 604 B. Pullman Bldg., Chicago**

ONLY RIGHT ALL BRIGHT

"3 in One"
Is the right oil for polishing pianos, organs, music cabinets, fine furniture, hardwood floors—anything veneered or varnished. "3 in One" removes scuffs and scratches; brings out the natural beauty of the wood. FREE—"3 in One" dictionary and sample bottle on request. G. W. Cole Co.
35 Broadway
New York City

Living-Music-Box
Is the registered name for our famous **GEISLER-ROLLERS** U. S. Pat. No. 80852. Absolutely Unobtainable of Other Dealers

This is a special breed strain of Canaries directly imported from our own hutcheries in Germany. Their song is entirely different from the ordinary Canary, and far superior to anything you have ever heard. It is simply marvelous how a little bird like this can bring forth such a volume of sweet, rich, melodious tones.

Guaranteed Day and Night Songsters \$5
other varieties from \$2 up. Sent by express anywhere in the U. S. or Canada, live arrival at Express office guaranteed.

Beware of Imitators. Cages and bird's inside wing must be stamped with our registered Trade-Mark, "Living-Music-Box," or soft genuine.

Max, the "Living-Music-Box," arrived in good health. He is a wonder; has such a variety of songs and notes; in fact, I cannot say enough good for him.

R. BROOKER.

Large, Illustrated Catalog, Booklet and Testimonials free.
MAX GEISLER BIRD CO., Dept. Q. OMAHA, NEB.
Largest Mail Order Bird House in the World. Est. 1888.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

On the back of this picture Mr. Togo has written: "I great admirer your honorable emperor." H. T.



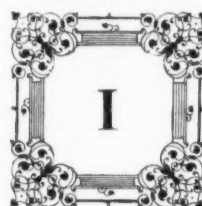
Hashimura Togo

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IV—The Yellow Peril

SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1907

To COLIER WEEKLY management and such as are doing it there, DEAR PRINTER:—



AM enjoying great poverty from employment which is missing this week, thank you.

This conversation for you to listen:

"Mr. Togo, goodbye, and be prompt in doing so!" This spoken with screeches by Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honorable lady. "Sweet-hearted Mrs. Madam," I resume to her, "why you neglect to allow Japanese Boy any more wait on table-board at your establishment?"

"Because this," she demand, "lazy stupor of brain unfit Japanese Boy for such jobs. During three weeks of time you remain in hospital to enjoy pain. You think of book study more than delivering soup to my table-eaters. Some others must carry coffee-dish for this employment. Therefore exit from these house!"

"Thank you to know, Hon. Mrs.," I report, "what person shall obtain job when I have went from here?"

"One China boy I have got him more intelligent as you for half price to do it," she refer.

I see plain truth to this. Looking to kitchen I observe Whang So, one China boy of sinful profile. I make race-riot inside of me, but peace-treaty outside.

"Honorable Mrs. O'Brien," I say with smiling expression, "good day, so sorry, thank you so much!" Then I make quick-step to sidewalk and trot-step to establishment of Jigo Furo, Japanese hardware.

"Thank you for something durable to handle," I say to this Jigo Furo.

"This stove-poker is recommended for all use," he response. It surely was truthful. I take it away for call on Mr. Whang So, China boy of sinful profile. He come to door of Mrs. C. W. O'Brien when asked for.

"Whang So, Chinese puppy-cat, wherefore you have national characteristics of one potato?" I relapse.

"You go way, no good!" he reserve with impolite expression of Oriental.

For reply I throw stove-poker to neck of Whang So, give him jiu jitsu to porch and tie him with abominable pig-tail to door knob of Mrs. C. W. O'Brien where he may be found. This things I done to Whang So as race-riot to Chinese persons which is no good for America by following statistick:

1. They perform cleanly-washing infrequently.
2. They are back-hand in religion, reform, bookkeeping and stenography.
3. They teach poker game to Japanese Boy.
4. They are a Yellow Peril.

I have given some brain-study to this Yellow Peril to make sure it is a bad blessing for these United States. It is. But should we Americans of all-color enjoy fear of such? Answer is, No! Coreans, Chinese & Hindus is Yellow Peril. All Japanese can defeat these easily with club-stick. We have been there to try it. If white Caucasian fear such a Peril, Japanese will promise to chase it away for small wage-pay. It will be amusement for Japanese Boy who know how.

All persons should be kept out of this kingdom who can not show good-colored complexions at ship-dock. Torpedo-fleet, battle-boat, dynamite & congress should be shot off to prevent landing of such trash like Mr. Whang So and other Chinese of yellow birth. Coreans, Siamese & Hindus must also be prevented from escaping into this country. Christian ships must take these complexions back to original islands where they belong. This is best good for all human races.

Many negro persons of Southern States is also Yellow Peril, but these can not enjoy exclusion, because there is no place to exclude them to.

But Japanese gentleman, please, must not be written down for this list. Derby hat, American pant, Tuxedo overcoat, have rendered him completely white of complexion and able to vote for President when asked to know how. Please do not include him in Yellow Peril, because he will not be there. He is doing things by each day that makes folks white. Let Japanese help to do push-out to all-colored Yellow Perils coming to this country together with other patriots of star-stripe banner Yankee-doodle dandy, banzai!

I will speak to you of two Yellow Perils which I know of my knowledge.

I am acquaintance of one Corean gentleman name of Whee who reside in cellar of this city. He do not change his clothing which is economical. He sleep in soap-box, but the soap is missing. To approach Mr. Whee with hygiene is too dangerous for good healthy. Laboring Union do not fear this Corean gentleman, because he shall never take no work from nobody. When not hitting pipe-smoke this Whee man is dreaming of ancestors. He will also be one soon. When I observe such Corean patriot approaching to me I choose next street, thank you. This man is Yellow Peril of bright color.

In one more cellar, close to where this Corean citizen reside, there sleep one Polish gentleman name of Gumowsky. This Gumowsky man is notable for forgetfulness in washing. Two times each year he is removed by health Board, but this is of no use for Mr. Gumowsky who make financial income collecting second-handed cigarettes. When he obtain sufficient whiskey-drunk there is war-cry from his downstairs residence and whichever furniture he can discover to break is throwed on street to strike by-passing pedestrians. Mr. Gumowsky is



The Electric Washer

YOU can now have all your washings done by electricity. The 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer does all the washing—and wrings out the clothes. Any electric light current furnishes the power needed. You connect up the washer just as you would put an electric light globe into its socket. Then—all you have to do to start the washer is turn on the electricity.

In just a few minutes, you have a tubful of clothes washed clean. And—not a thread will be broken—not a seam strained—not an edge frayed nor a button split, broken or pulled off. There will be no "wash tears"—no "tub-rips"—no "mending-basket" horrors. This washer has no complicated inside parts. There is nothing to beat, and strain your clothes. Nothing to pull and haul them about. The clothes cannot even rub against the sides of the tub. For—in this 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer, your clothes are held still.

The water, and soap, and the motion of the tub do all the washing. And your clothes are washed quicker and easier, and more thoroughly and economically than you have ever had washing done before. You can scald clothes, rinse them and "blue" them easier, and better in this 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer than you can any other way. Then—this is the only washer outfit that washes and wrings clothes. And it is the only washer that saves time, and labor, and wear on clothes.

It is the only "Self-Working" Washer that Pays for Itself. For this washer saves more than enough in a few months to pay its own cost, and then—it keeps right on saving. If you keep servants, they will stay with you contented, if you have a 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer to do the washing. Your servants will not have to dread wash-day drudgery. There won't be any discussion over the size of the washing. Wash-women will not be needed. Laundry bills will be saved. We do not ask you to take anything we say of this washer "for gospel," however. We do not ask you to believe anything. We say test the washer at our expense.

Prove our claims without cost to you. We will ship one of these 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washers to any responsible party and prepay the freight. Take this washer and use it four weeks. Wash loves with it. Wash your heaviest blankets and quilts. Wash rugs. Then—if you are not convinced that the washer is all we say—don't keep it.

Just tell us you don't want the washer, and that will settle the matter. We won't charge you anything for the use you have had of it. The Trial is FREE. But—if you find the washer is all we claim—if you are pleased and satisfied with it—if you see where it will save time, and wash-women's wages, and laundry bills, and wear and tear on clothes—more than enough to pay for itself—then you can pay cash for the washer and get a liberal discount—or you can pay by the week—or by the month—out of what the washer saves for you.

This way you let the 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer Pay for Itself. Of course, we could not afford to make such an offer, if we did not know our washer to be all we claim. We do know our washer is all we claim—that it will do all we say—and save us as we say. Therefore—we can afford to make you this FREE Trial Offer. Send for our finely illustrated new Washer Book. It is a thing of beauty in itself, and you will be glad to have it whether you need a washer now or not. Send no stamps. Just write your name and address on a post card—or in a letter—mail to us today and, by return post, you will receive our Washer Book. We send this to you FREE, for the asking.

Don't use up your strength and endanger your health doing your own washing. Don't wear out your nerves worrying over wash-women, and laundries, or troubles with servants. Let a 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer shoulder the drudgery of "Wash-Day"—save your clothes from wear and tear, and keep your servants contented. Ask for our Washer Book today. Address—The 1900 Washer Co., 3115 Henry St., Birmingham, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, write to the 1900 Washer Co., 385 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Will You Try a Fox Typewriter



W. R. FOX, President Fox Typewriter Co.

At My Expense I invented the Fox Typewriter and manufacture it to-day. I know just how good it is. I know that it is a better typewriter than any other typewriter ever built. I know other typewriters of all kinds and I know that the Fox has every improvement and every feature that any of them has—and more. I want to place a Fox in your office at my expense and have you compare it part for part, feature for feature with any other typewriter.

I will let the typewriter speak for itself. All I say about it and claim for it will be demonstrated by the machine itself more, convincingly than I could tell it.

Then I want to leave the decision to you. If you want it then I will either sell you one direct on favorable terms, or my nearest representative or dealer will do it for me. If you already have a machine we will take that in part payment.

All you have to do is to fill out the coupon below and mail it to me to-day.

The Test or Trial Will Not Cost You a Penny

This is the way I sell typewriters; it is a good, fair, honest way. It has not a weak link in the chain of fairness.

I do not belong to any trust and nobody dictates the price I shall sell at or how I shall sell. That's my business.

I sell my machine strictly on its merits, not for what it used to be but for what it is to-day.

It is no joke to successfully sell typewriters in competition with a big trust. My machine has to be better than others (not simply as good) to stand a chance in competition. It is better.

If the machine is not as good as I say it is it would have been impossible for me to build up

the enormous business I have, because to-day I am selling thousands of Fox Typewriters—in every civilized country in the world.

All the writing on the Fox is always in sight and directly in the line of vision, the writing line is indicated and the printing point is pointed out so that the Fox is just what I claim: a perfect visible typewriter.

The typebar and hanger are the heart of a typewriter, that means they are the most vital part, a weak typebar means a weak typewriter. Show me a typebar-bearing that is narrow and has no wearing surface and it tells me that under hard wear such a typewriter will not retain its alignment and sooner or later will get out of order.

On the Fox the bearing is wide and the bar heavy and will stand years and years of hard work.

Then again with the Fox, one machine is equipped to do all kinds of work—letter writing—invoicing—billing—tabulating figures—stencil cutting and heavy manifold, anything any typewriter can do the Fox will do—and more.

You can buy one machine and two carriages of different lengths and change them at will.

You can lift the platen or writing cylinder right out and put in another in a second. You can write in two colors and you do not have to touch your ribbon from the time you put it on the machine till it is worn out.

You can do all these things and many more and do them better than you can with any other typewriter.

And remember this is the machine I want to place in your office for trial and examination at my expense. It doesn't cost you a penny to try it.

Will You Do This?

Let me appeal to you as a fair minded business man to at least be friendly enough to give me a chance to show you what I have. I am sure you would want me to give you such a chance if you had something to sell me. All I want you to do is fill out and mail me to-day the attached coupon. Send it to me personally.



W. R. FOX, Pres.
Fox Typewriter Company
204 Front Street
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send for my catalog, which takes up the construction of the Fox in detail—it's free.

Trade in your Old Typewriter to me

Please enclose for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter. Name Business Street Town C.W.



LUMBER SHED AT BRAIDWOOD, ILL.

Amatite ROOFING

WHY IT NEEDS NO PAINT

Amatite is a new and better kind of ready roofing. The old kind was smooth and coated with paint. The new kind—Amatite—is surfaced with real mineral matter (see diagram) and requires no paint.

No looking after your roofs every spring if you use Amatite! No paint to buy! No work to do! Just leave the roof alone, year after year, and you'll be free from the annoyance of leaks.

Amatite is easy to lay, requiring no

MINERAL SURFACE PITCH CONNECTION WOOL FELT PITCH CONNECTION WOOL FELT

ENLARGED SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW AMATITE IS MADE

This mineral surface will wear better than any paint made. Rain, snow and wind do not affect it a particle. It is firmly embedded under tremendous pressure into the underlying layer of pitch.

special tools. Cement for laps and nails packed in center of every roll.

FREE SAMPLE

will be gladly sent on request to anyone interested in this "no-paint" roofing.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis
Boston St. Louis Allegheny Kansas City New Orleans London, Eng.



Acetylene Light from permanent handsome polished brass brackets on the walls and neat brass chandeliers from the ceilings—city-like, elegant, up-to-date and out of the way.

Can't tip over (like Kerosene Lamps) where there are children—can't do anything but give you brilliant, beautiful, white light whenever you merely turn a tap on wall bracket or chandelier.

Acetylene Light which does not need mantles, wicks nor chimneys.

Acetylene Light which is so pure, so free from soot and color-fog that you can distinguish pale blue, pale pink or pale yellow under its rays as clearly at night as you could in broad daylight.

Once a month the hired man must

clean out and refill the generator in the basement. Takes him 15 minutes to 30 minutes per month to do this, if he isn't lazy—30 minutes per month.

"The cost of all this?" you ask. So small, comparatively, that the plant soon pays for itself through what you save on labor, and chimneys and on the difference between the cost of Carbide and the Kerosene you are now using.

Shall we give you more precise figures about this "Rural Gaslight"—Acetylene?

Then write us to-day how many rooms you've got in house, or hotel, or how large a store to light so we can answer intelligently and to the point.

Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. B, 158 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ACETYLENE



DIAMOND GIFTS

20% Down, 10% a Month

A wealth of suggestions for Christmas gifts is contained in our latest Catalog number 24. Send for it today. It will solve the problem of "what to give"—and, better still, how to pay for it.

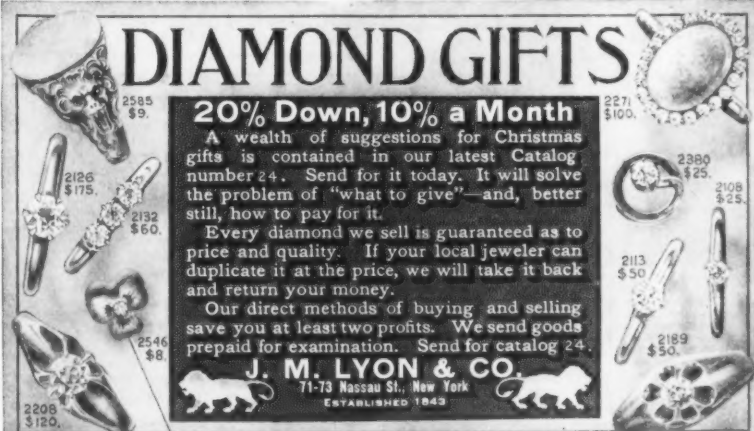
Every diamond we sell is guaranteed as to price and quality. If your local jeweler can duplicate it at the price, we will take it back and return your money.

Our direct methods of buying and selling save you at least two profits. We send goods prepaid for examination. Send for catalog 24.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau St., New York

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Which is more better citizen, thank you—Mr. Whee of opium-hitting, Mr. Gumowsky of whisky-drunking or Japanese Boy of derby hat, American pant and all other white manners of civilization?

On evening time of last Thursday night Japanese branch of Chinese Exclusion League meet for church social at Asiatic M. E. Church where good time was enjoyed there. My cousin Nogi took as escort Miss Mabel Sanjijo which he is engaged to marry when divorced. I delivered to this gayety Miss Alice Furaoki, pleasant young lady of yellow extraction. All Japanese Boys present with same national ladies. Rev. Hon. Mr. O. P. Dilldock, American missionary gentleman, make all happy by coming late.

Japanese Boy Male Quartette open excitement by singing. "I love you like the same long years ago when first I meet you on the village green." This was listened at with patience by all. Japanese solo was next performed on phonograph. Mr. Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, do card-trick for excitement of amusement. Then we enjoy "postoffice" game to practice kissing, American salute. When this was subsided I made so nervous as to read following poetical thought:

ADDRESS TO CONGRESS ABOUT STOP-OFF OF YELLOW PERIL

*Make it hard for Chinese to come in, please.
Make it nice and easy for stay out.
Punish naughty China for that sin, please.
Show what for you mean such things about.
Chop chop head of Chinese immigration,
Bang-up foolish pigtail cooley-man,
Keep such Yellow Peril from your nation.
(That give room for persons from Japan.)*

*Swift-kick China off your map,
Shake-shake smile for glad-hand Jap!*

*Ship the negro person to some island—
That will solve one problem pretty quick.
Make the Injuns live upon a highland
Scared for to come down by that Big Stick.
Shoot the no-good Russian from this nation,
Send the black-hand Dago back to Rome;
Clean this land of foreign immigration—
Then the Japanese Boy feel at home.*

*Shoot the Yellow Peril—boom!—
Then the Jap Boy have more room.*

After this rhythm Rev. Hon. Mr. Dilldock nearly made talk-speech. He was just saying it about "Higher Life for Japanese Boy" when something happen which was too bad. Whang So, China boy, enter with two cousins, Whang Get and Whang Gee. There was up-jump for all. Banzais could be seen everywhere as chandeliers, etc., flew to heads of China boys while those nationality was departing through windows. After these Chinese Exclusion act was performed this church sociable busted up with prayers and ice cream.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—Mr. Editor, would you put following wedding notice in paper of yours? "Mr. Hashimura Togo of Kobe, Japan, will be married to Miss Alice Furaoki of Tokyo, same place, ceremony to be had at Asiatic M. E. Church, S. F. This excitement will take place when job is found for Japanese Boy which is not now doing so." H. T.

Another S. P.—I am sending to postoffice one most beautiful photo showing me doing this literary job. Thank you. It was took by J. Haro, Japanese studio. Togo.

The Reconciliation of Pa

BY JAMES W. FOLEY

MY PA, he's disappointed tuz I ain't a boy. 'At is He ain't now but he used to was. He likes me tuz I'm his An' buys me lots of toys an' things; but w'en I first begun Ma said he's awful fond of boys an' ist wished I was one. But now he don't care any more, tuz I'm growed up so nice He likes me better 'n before, an' there ain't any price 'At you could offer him for me an' he would take it, tuz I'm so much nicer, don't you see, 'an my Pa thought I was.

W'EN I'm come first my Mama said 'at he 'ud rather I 'Ud been a boy the stork 'ud brought; she says she don't see n'y, Tuz she ist thinks 'at little dirls are awful nice, an' w'en You wash 'eir face an' brush 'eir turls, 'ey're nicer 'n ever 'en. But he is disappointed tuz at first he didn't know How rilly truly nice I was; but w'en I came to grow He wouldn't take the world for me, so he told Ma, ist tuz I'm so much nicer, don't you see, 'an my Pa thought I was.

AN' my Ma says 'at if I grow up ist so nice an' sweet As I am now, my Pa'll know 'at stork was hard to beat; An' he won't never wish again 'at I'm a boy, ist tuz He'll know how sweet I am, an' 'en he's glad I'm w'at I was, Tuz boys are awful nice at first, 'at is, you think they are; But w'en they're big they're ist the worst! An' dirls is better far, An' Ma says if you want 'em sweet, ist sweet as sweet can be, You'll find it awful hard to beat a little dirl like me.

MAKING A

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